



No. 112

Ten Cents

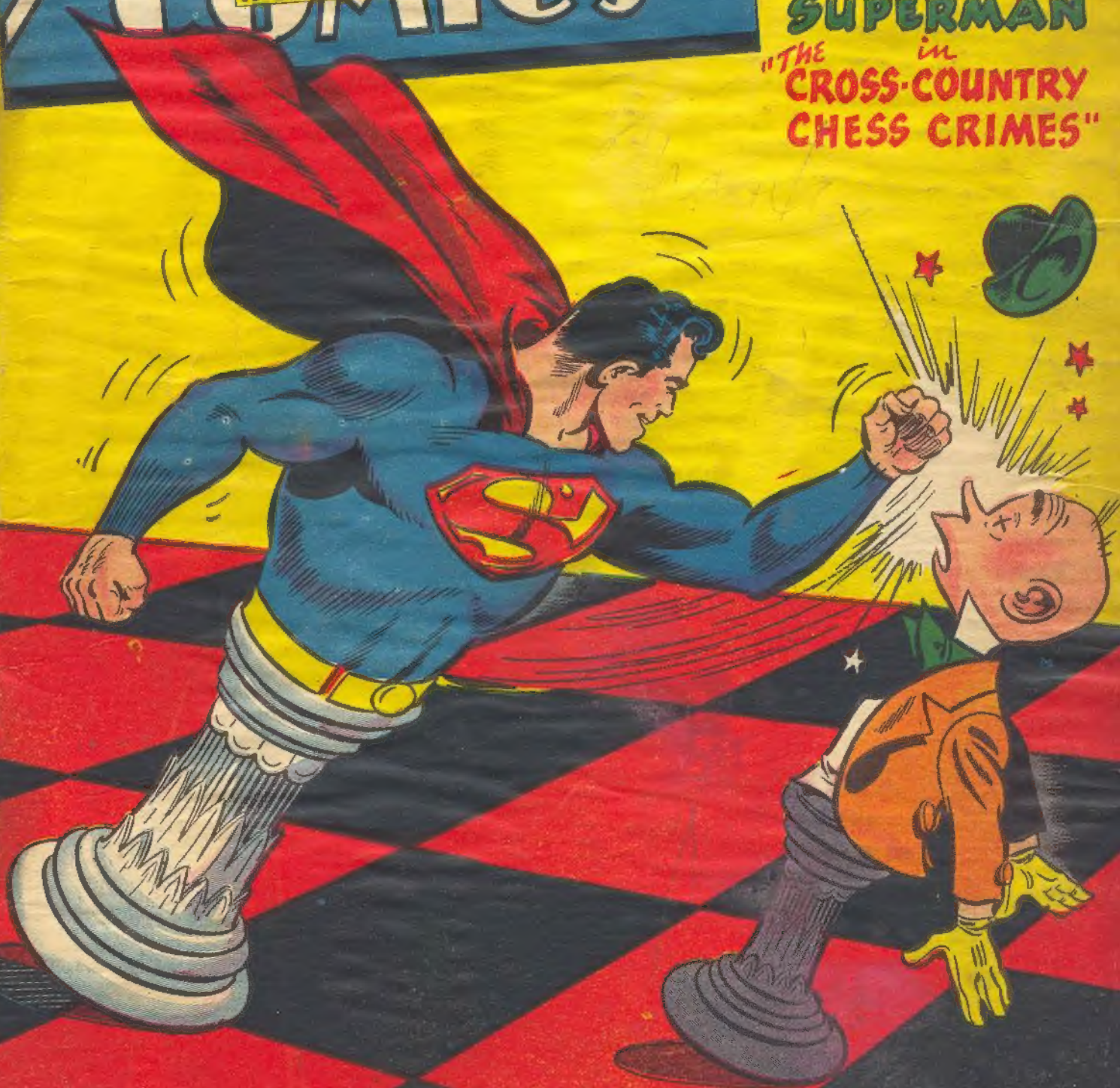
SEPT.
1947



ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

YES!
It's MR. MXYZTPLK
AGAIN... PLAYING
A GOOFY GAME
WITH
SUPERMAN
in
**"THE CROSS-COUNTRY
CHESS CRIMES"**



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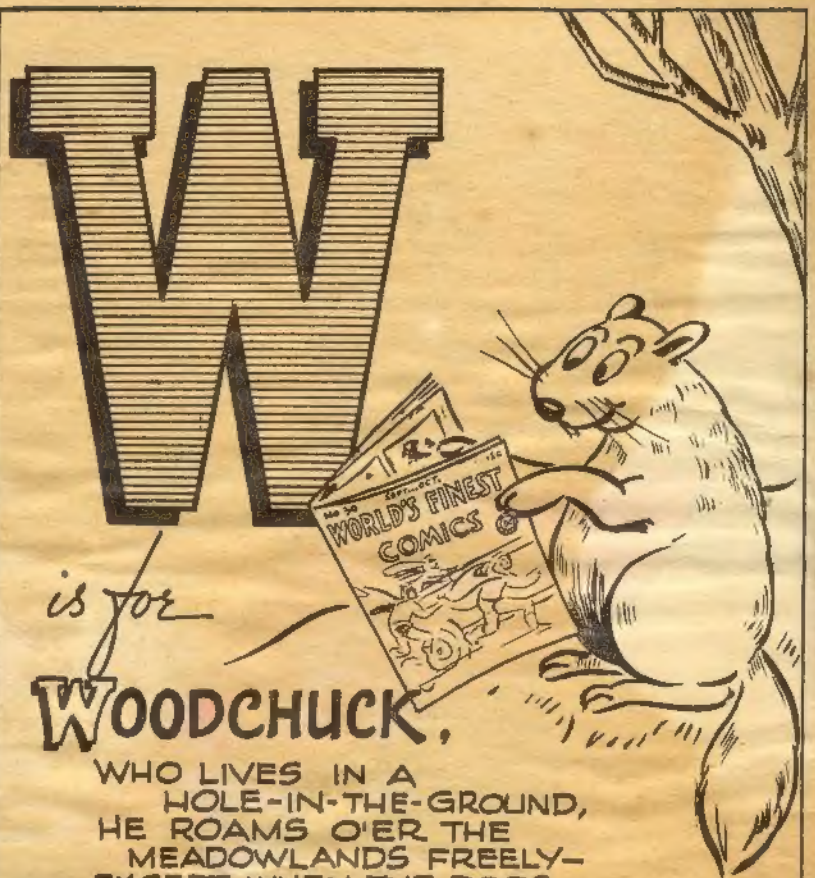
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WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



WHO LIVES IN A
HOLE-IN-THE-GROUND,
HE ROAMS O'ER THE
MEADOWLANDS FREELY—
EXCEPT WHEN THE DOGS
ARE AROUND!
THEN HE DASHES STRAIGHT
INTO HIS SHELTER,
AND WITH MANY A
CHUCKLE AND CHORTLE,
HE READS ALL THE BOOKS
WITH THIS SYMBOL
WHILE THE HOUNDS BARK IN
VAIN AT HIS PORTAL!



—ON THE COVER OF
WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

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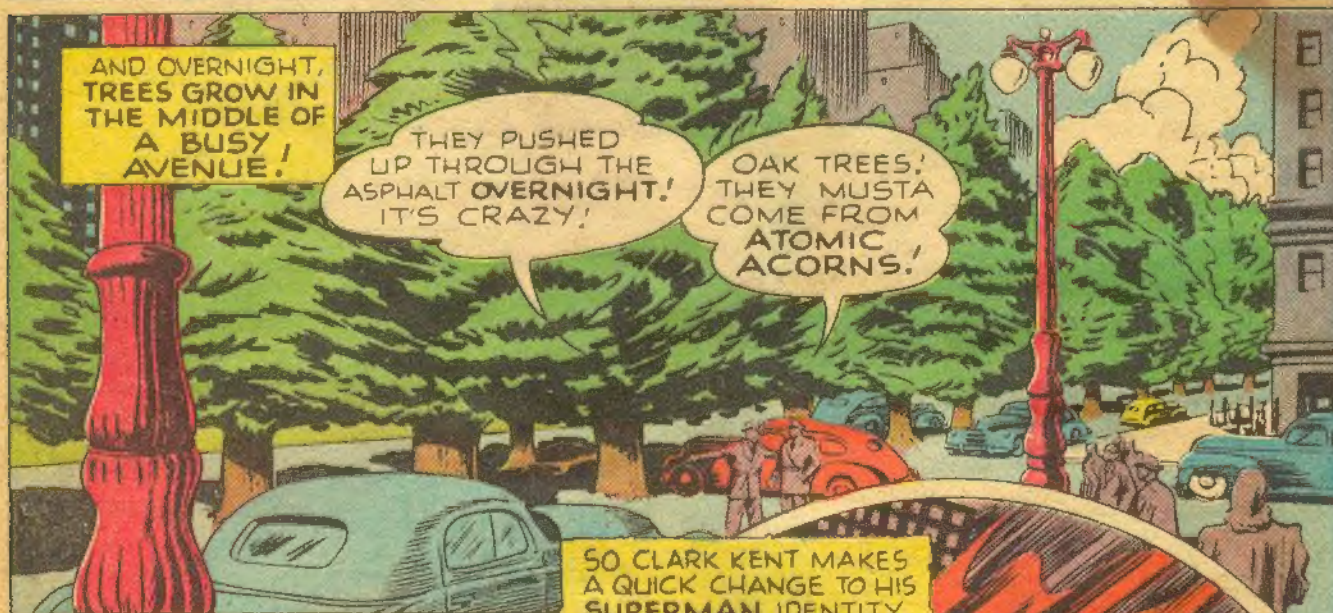
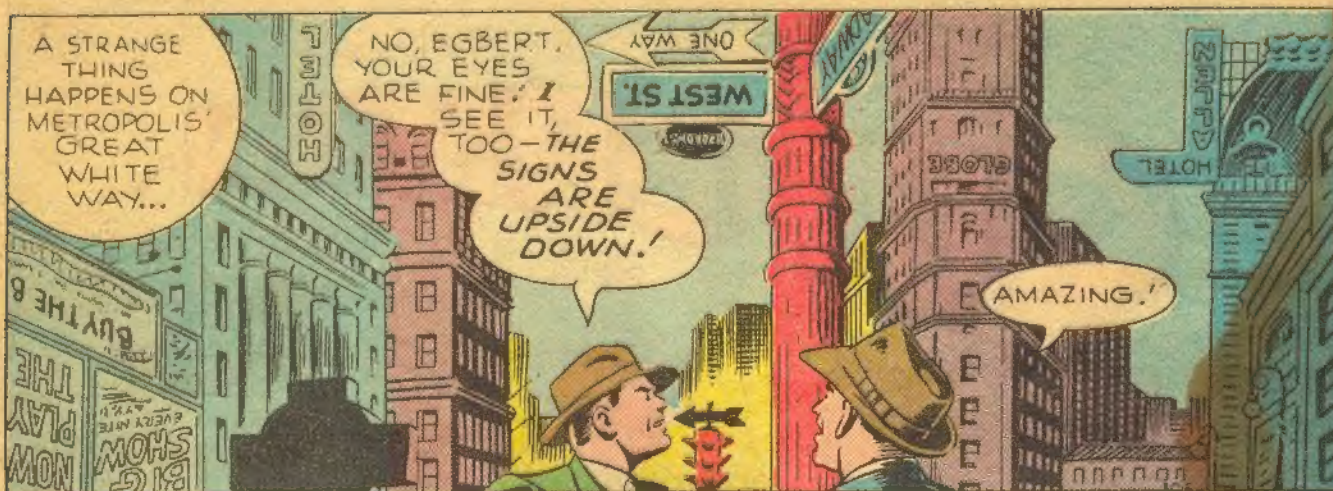
SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER



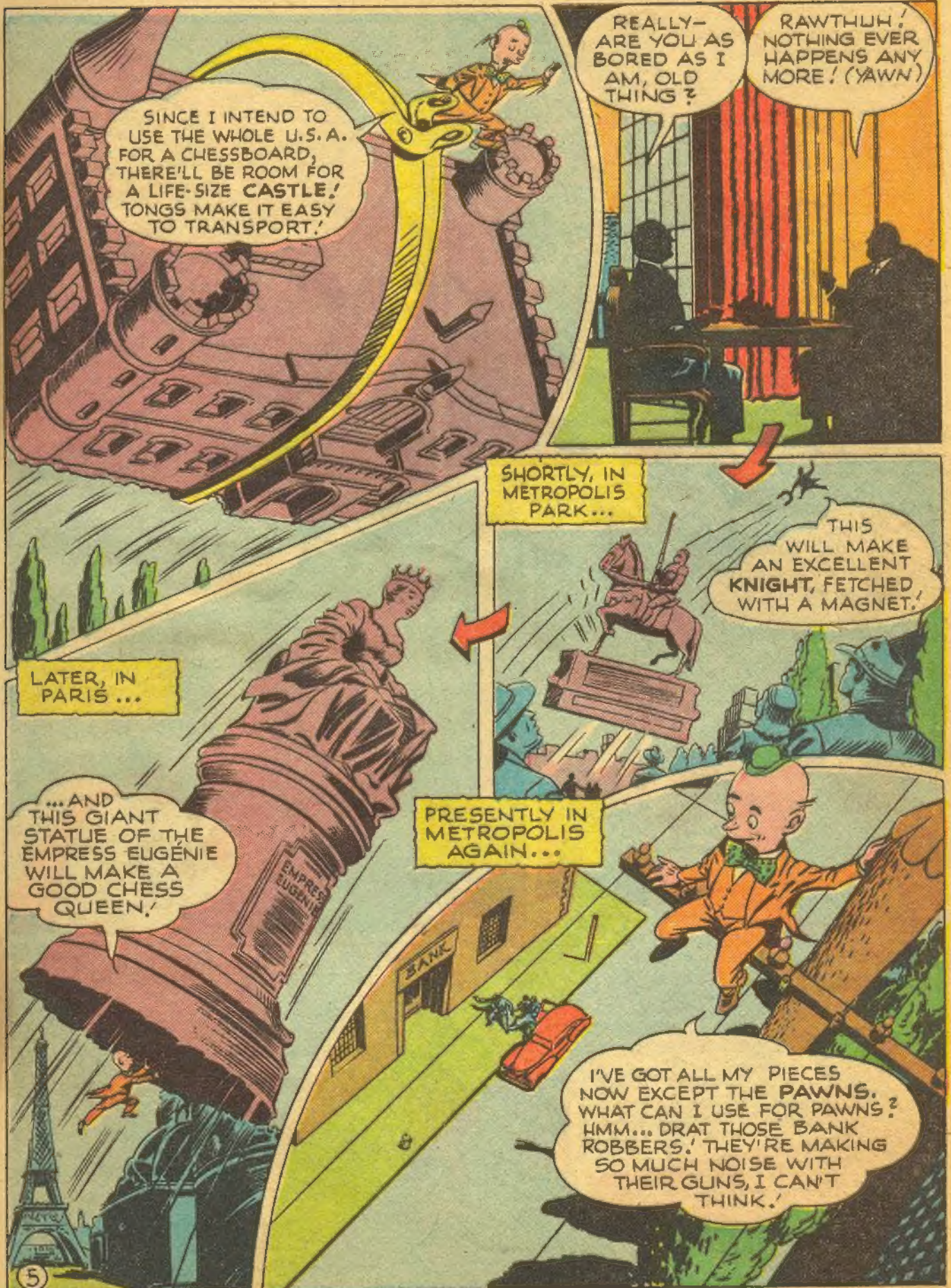
OUT OF THE SIXTH DIMENSION POPS THAT PIXILATED IMP, MR. MXYZTPLK, TO TURN EVERYTHING TOPSY-TURVY WITH HIS DAFFY DOINGS. BUT HIS USUAL BAG OF TRICKS IS TAME COMPARED TO THE SLAP-HAPPY HOOLIGANISMS THAT DEVELOP WHEN SUPERMAN PERSUADES THE POP-EYED PIXIE TO TAKE UP CHESS. AND THE WHOLE NATION BECOMES A CRAZY CHESS-BOARD UNTIL THE MAN OF STEEL SPRINGS A SURPRISE MOVE TO CHECK-MATE THE ELUSIVE MR. MXYZTPLK IN...

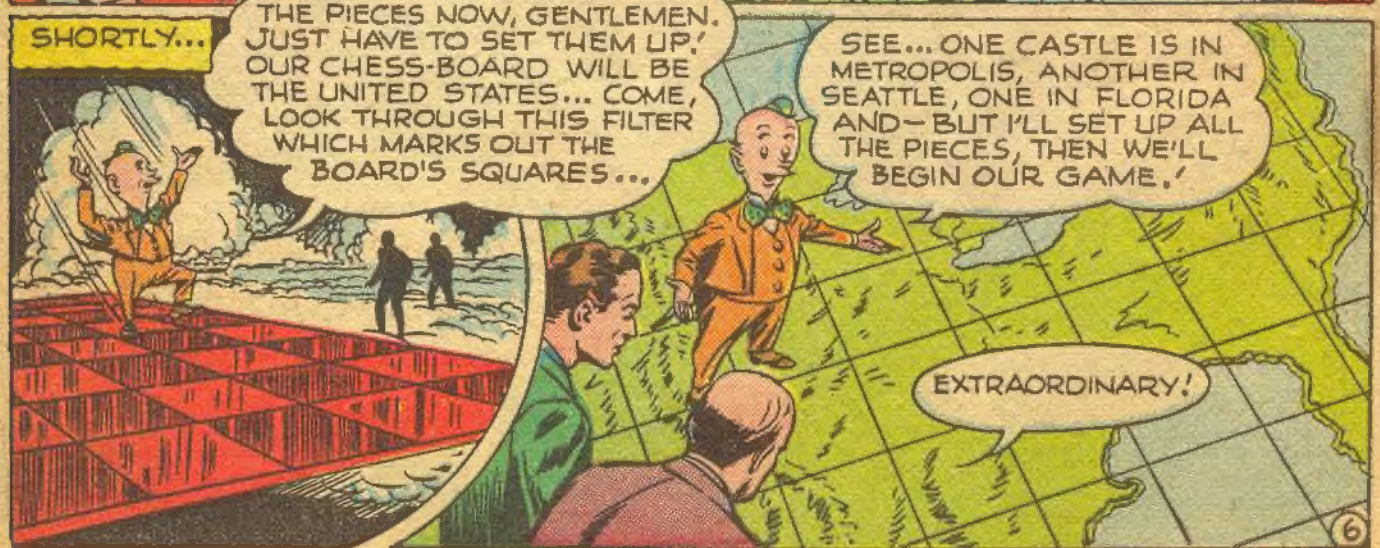
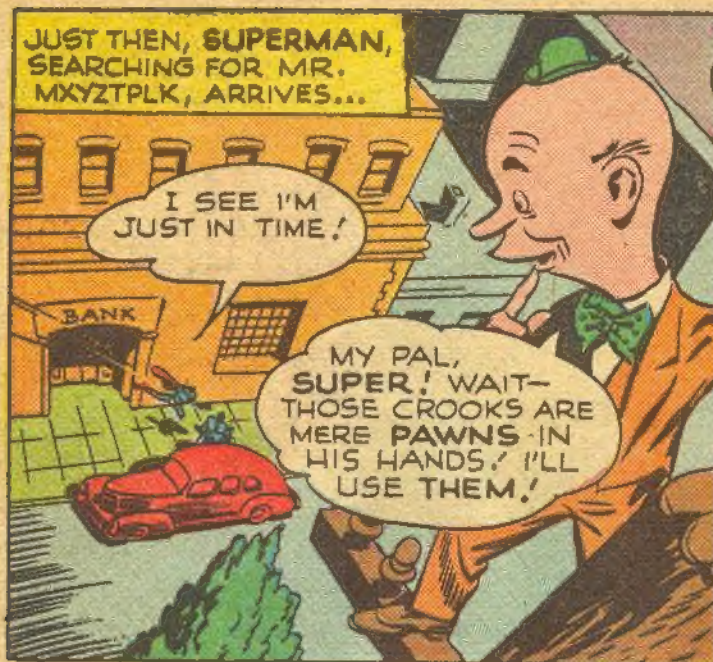
The CROSS-COUNTRY
CHESS
CRIMES!











AND SHORTLY, IN A BUSY METROPOLIS STREET, MXYZTPLK SETS UP A CHESS PIECE!

IT'S A CASTLE!

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND NAVY!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE CASTLE...

EVER BEEN TO METROPOLIS, DUKE?

NO, TOO BEASTLY HECTIC THERE!

AT THE DAILY PLANET, SUPERMAN WATCHES THE NEWS TICKER FOR WORD OF MXYZTPLK...

AN ENGLISH CASTLE PLUNKED DOWN IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT. THAT'S MXYZTPLK'S DOINGS...

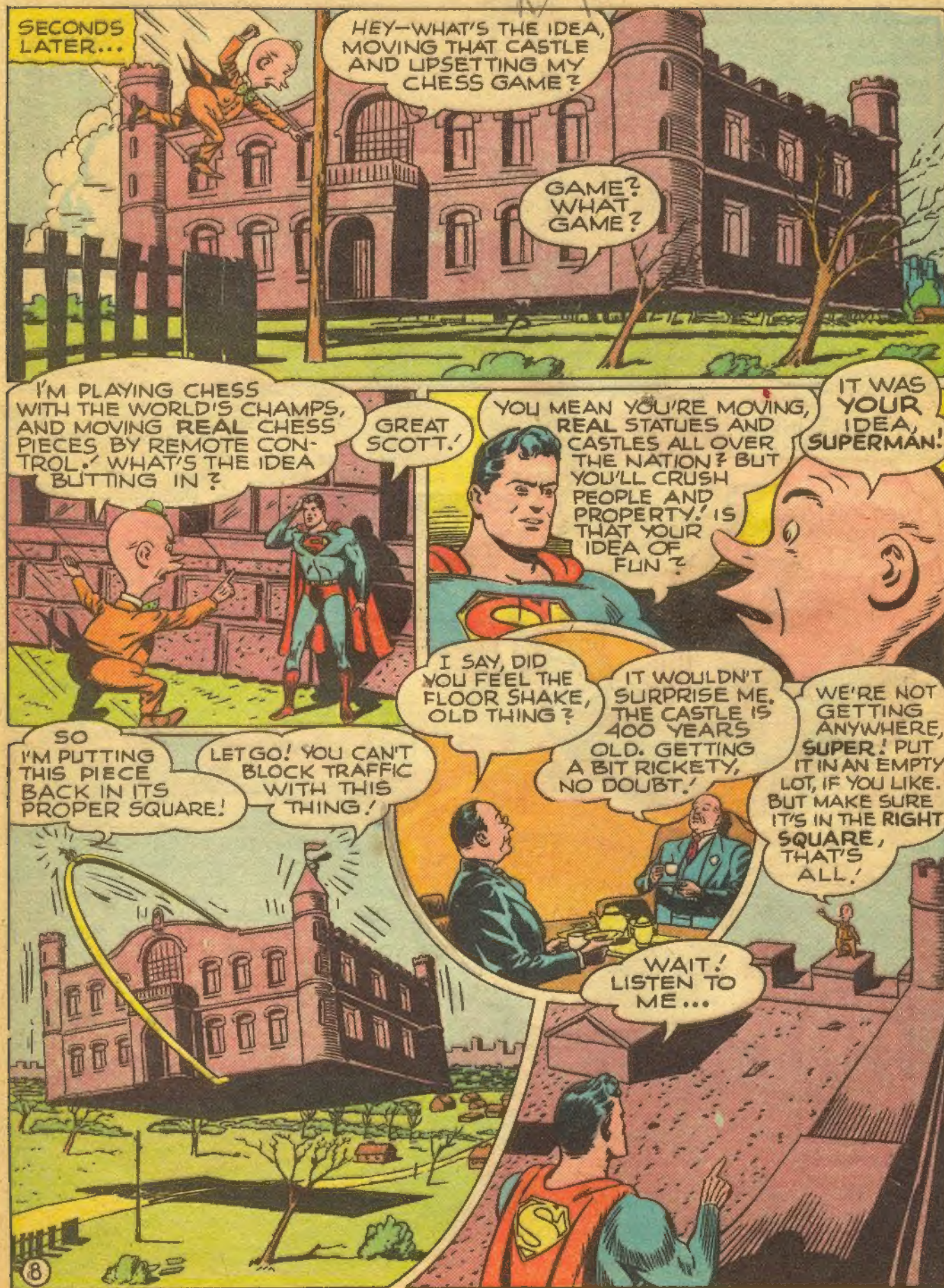
A MOMENT LATER...

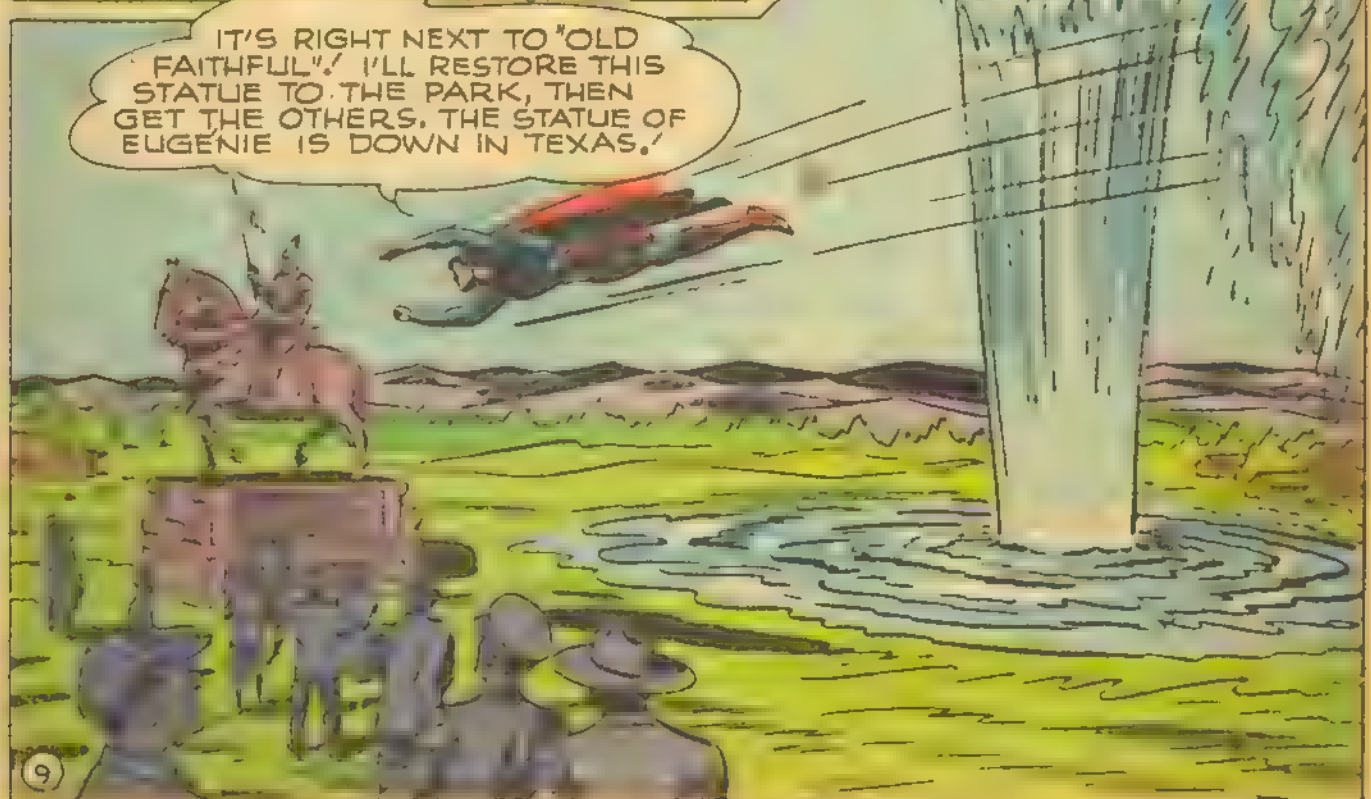
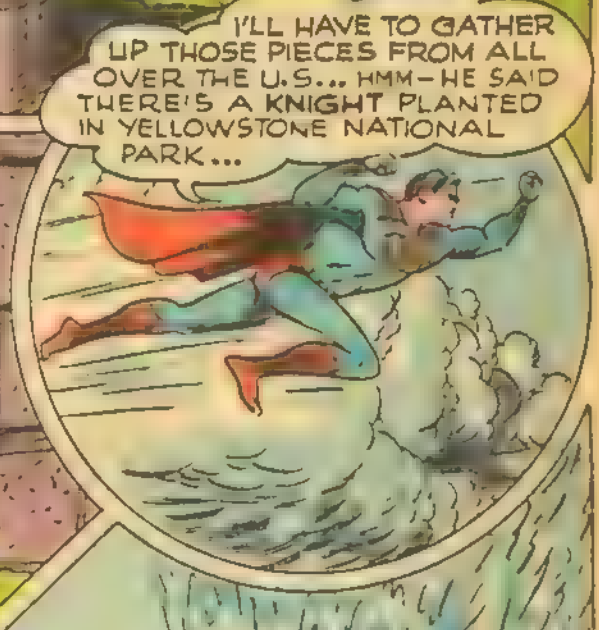
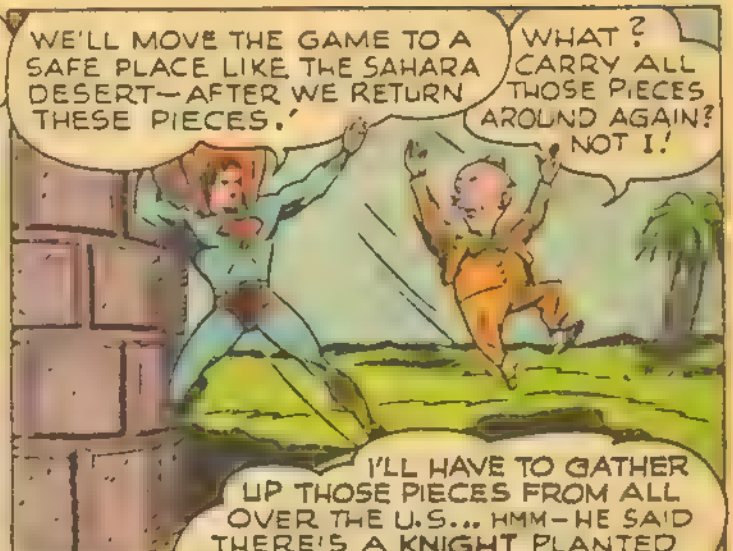
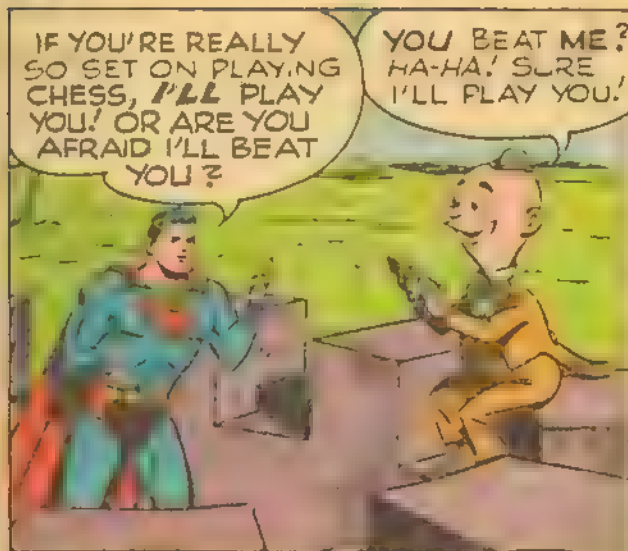
BUT SUPERMAN'S INTERFERENCE CONFUSES THE CHESS GAME IN THE SKY!

I'LL JUST MOVE THIS HUNK OF REAL ESTATE OUT TO THE SUBURBS WHERE IT WON'T BE IN THE WAY UNTIL I CAN FIND MXYZTPLK.

JUST A MOMENT! IT'S OUR MOVE! YOU CAN'T MOVE YOUR CASTLE YET...

I DIDN'T MOVE—HUH? IT HAS BEEN MOVED! WAIT—I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!





SHORTLY, IN TEXAS...

HOW'D IT GET HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE, SUPERMAN?

YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME BUT A PIXIE PUT IT HERE! IT WAS STOLEN FROM FRANCE, SO I'M RETURNING IT!

NEXT, THE PAWNS... MXYZTPLK WARNED ME TO BE CAREFUL IN HANDLING THEM. WONDER WHY?

ON A PRAIRIE, SUPERMAN FINDS THE ANSWER!

HOLY SMOKE! MXYZTPLK PUFFED THE BANK ROBBERS UP TO GIANT SIZE, AND THAT TOMMY-GUN IS AS BIG AS A CANNON!

SUPERMAN! WELL! THIS TIME I CAN HANDLE YOU! HA-HA!

—THE HARDER THEY FALL!

YOU DON'T SCARE ME, SUPERMAN. NOT ANY MORE! HA-HA!

THE BIGGER THEY COME—



SUPERMAN'S BLOW REDUCES THE THUG TO HIS NATURAL SIZE, AND...

WHAT HAPPENED?

I JUST CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE. NOW YOU'LL FIT NICELY INTO A CELL!

FINALLY, SUPERMAN RESTORES THE LAST OF MXYZTPLK'S CHESS PIECES...

NOW FOR MY BIG GAME WITH MXYZTPLK, IN THE SAHARA DESERT!

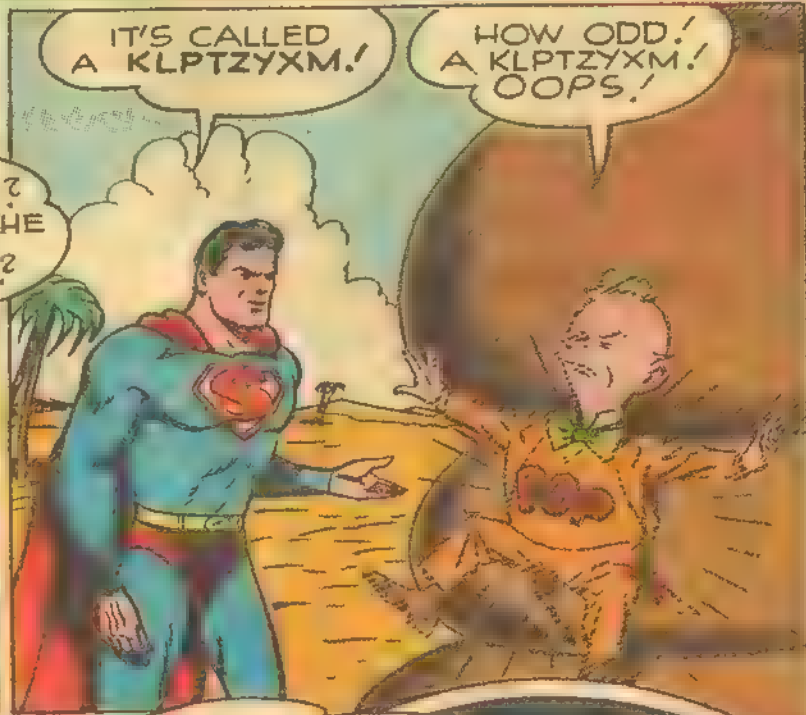
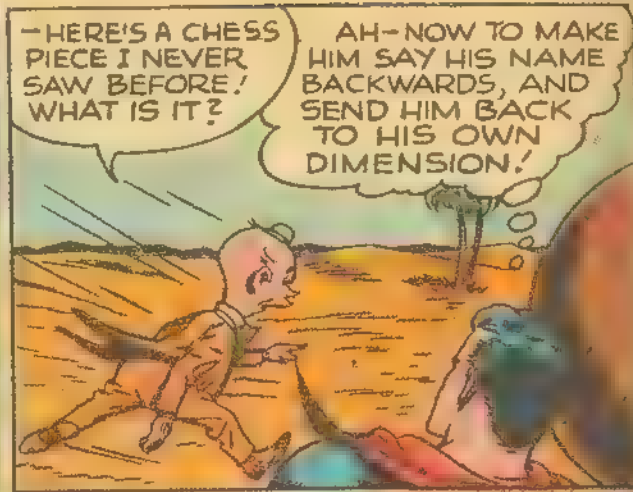
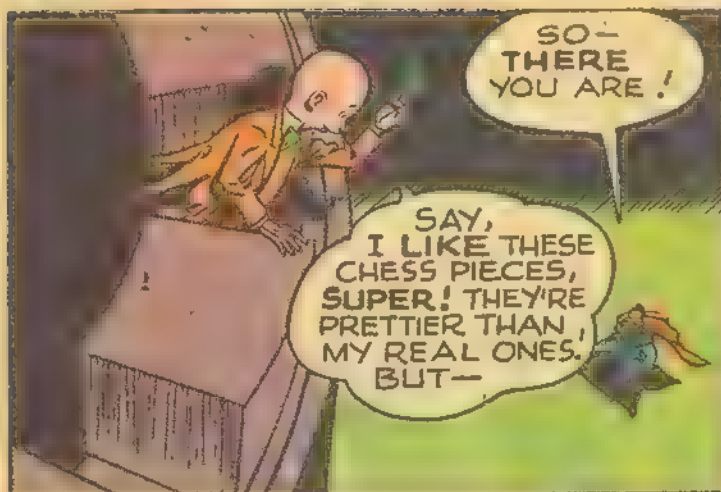
(YAWN) I SAY, WHAT'S THAT?

SEEMS TO BE A LARGE BIRD. MUST BE FUN TO BE A BIRD. THEY CAN TRAVEL SO FAST!

AND SO, WITH THE DESERT MARKED OFF IN SQUARES AND GIANT, NEW CHESS PIECES SET UP...

THE IMP SHOULD ARRIVE ANY MINUTE... AND THIS SPECIAL PIECE I CARVED WILL HELP ME SEND HIM BACK TO HIS SIXTH DIMENSIONAL HOME.

11



The END

ADVERTISEMENT

PASS
MASTER
OF THE
NATIONAL
LEAGUE

Eddie

STANKY

OOPS!
SORRY!

NOW I'LL
TRY FOR
SECOND

THE BROOKLYN DODGER'S
DIMINUTIVE INFIELDER IS A
MASTER AT FOULING GOOD
PITCHES, TAKING BAD
PITCHES...AND WAITING
FOR A PASS TO FIRST

STANKY EARNED MORE PASSES THAN
ANY NATIONAL LEAGUER DURING 1946.
IN 1945 HE SET A LEAGUE RECORD WITH
148 BASES ON BALLS...AND LED IN
RUNS SCORED WITH 128 TALLIES

"SEEMS TO BE THE SAME STORY
ON ANY BALL CLUB," SAYS
EDDIE STANKY. "GET THE BOYS LINED
UP FOR BREAKFAST AND THE CALL
GOES UP FOR 'WHEATIES,' 'BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS.' AND I THINK WE
LIKE WHEATIES FOR THE SAME
REASON YOU DO. WE KNOW THEY'RE
FLAKES OF WHOLE WHEAT, AND
PLENTY NOURISHING...BUT IT'S
THAT WHEATIES FLAVOR
THAT SCORES"

WHEATIES

"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"

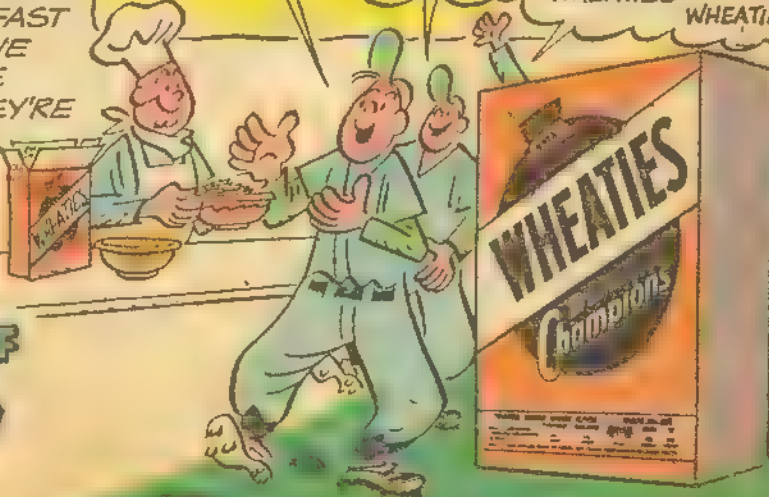
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

WHEATIES

WHEATIES

WHEATIES

WHEATIES



Wheaties and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Foods, Inc.



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IN A LATIN AMERICAN BACKGROUND, CONGO BILL MATCHES WITS WITH THE CUNNING OF INTERNATIONAL SPIES, AND THE SECRETS OF A NATION HANG IN THE BALANCE-- FOLLOW THE ADVENTURE OF--
"The KNIFE THROWER!"

SOMEWHERE IN CENTRAL AMERICA--

HELLO, BILL! THIS IS CHARLIE MORAN-- CAN'T TALK HERE-- MUST SEE YOU AT ONCE-- A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH-- MEET ME AT THE CHECKER CLUB!

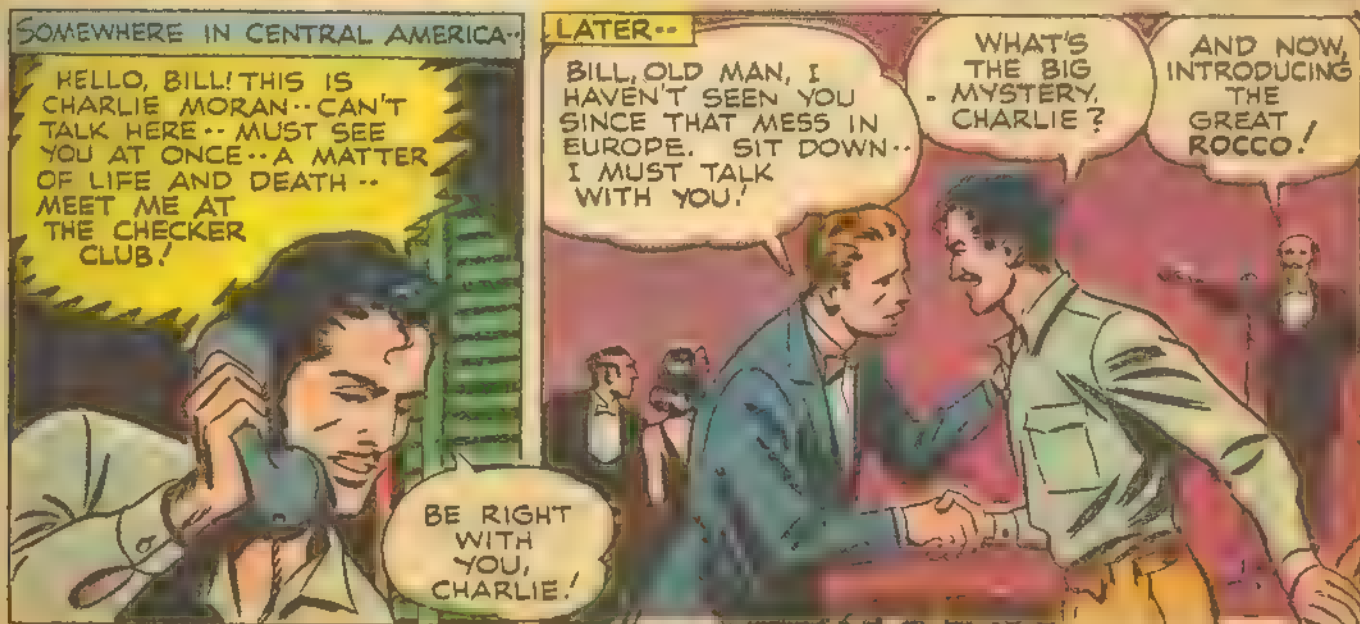
BE RIGHT WITH YOU, CHARLIE!

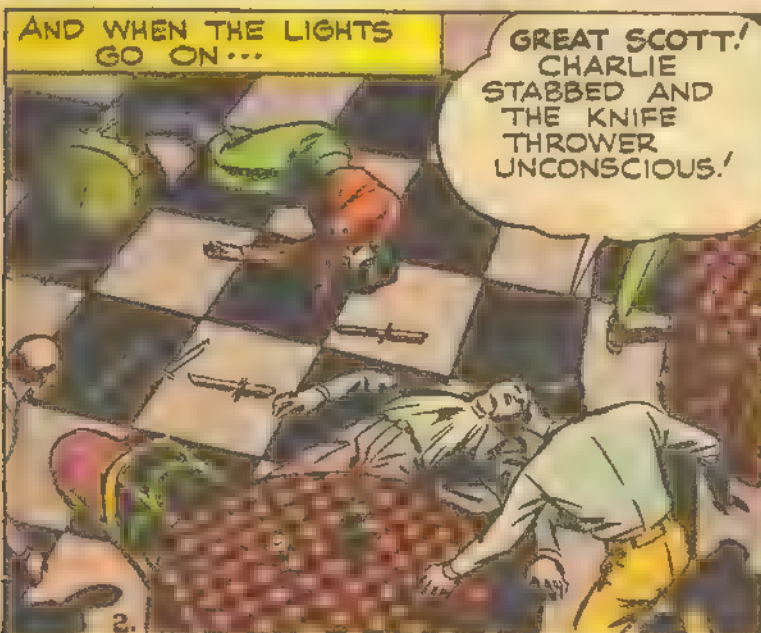
LATER--

BILL, OLD MAN, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THAT MESS IN EUROPE. SIT DOWN-- I MUST TALK WITH YOU!

WHAT'S THE BIG - MYSTERY, CHARLIE?

AND NOW, INTRODUCING THE GREAT ROCCO!





SOMETIME LATER...

OH-H-- MY HEAD! SOMEONE STRUCK ME AND USED MY KNIFE TO KILL THE AMERICANO? HOW HORRIBLE!

IT IS NO USE, SEÑOR BILL. WE HAVE SEARCHED EVERYONE AND THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE FILM YOU SPEAK OF. WE MUST RELEASE THESE PEOPLE UNTIL WE UNCOVER SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE...

LATER:

THAT "UNCONSCIOUS" ACT LOOKED TOO CONVENIENT TO SUIT ME. I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND ROCCO'S DRESSING ROOM...

THIS KNIFE DOESN'T BALANCE PROPERLY FOR A KNIFE THROWER... HMM -- I WONDER...?

A HOLLOW HANDLE! SO THAT'S WHERE THEY HID THE MICROFILM! NOW I KNOW WHO KILLED CHARLIE MORAN! ROCCO!

WHAT NOW?

BILL FAILS TO HEAR PADDED FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM...

SO YOU KNOW, EH? SEÑOR? IT'S A PITY IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!

UGGGH!

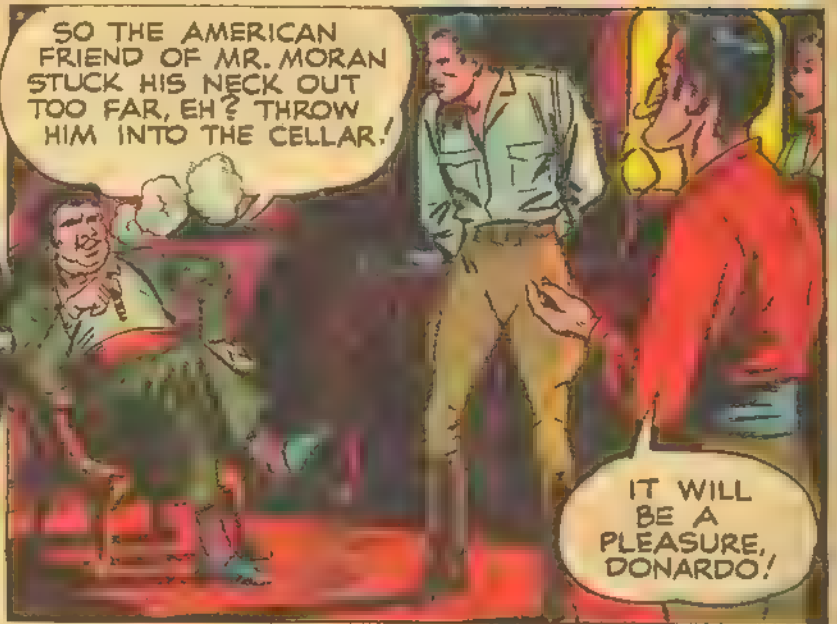
WE'LL TAKE HIM OUT TO THE ISLAND -- THE BOSS WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO!



BILL IS LOADED ON A FISHING LAUNCH AND SOON HIS CAPTORS ARE NEARING A RUINED SPANISH VILLA ON A TINY ISLAND FAR FROM THE MAINLAND...



SO THE AMERICAN FRIEND OF MR. MORAN STUCK HIS NECK OUT TOO FAR, EH? THROW HIM INTO THE CELLAR!



IT WILL BE A PLEASURE, DONARDO!

AND DON'T BE GENTLE WITH HIM!!



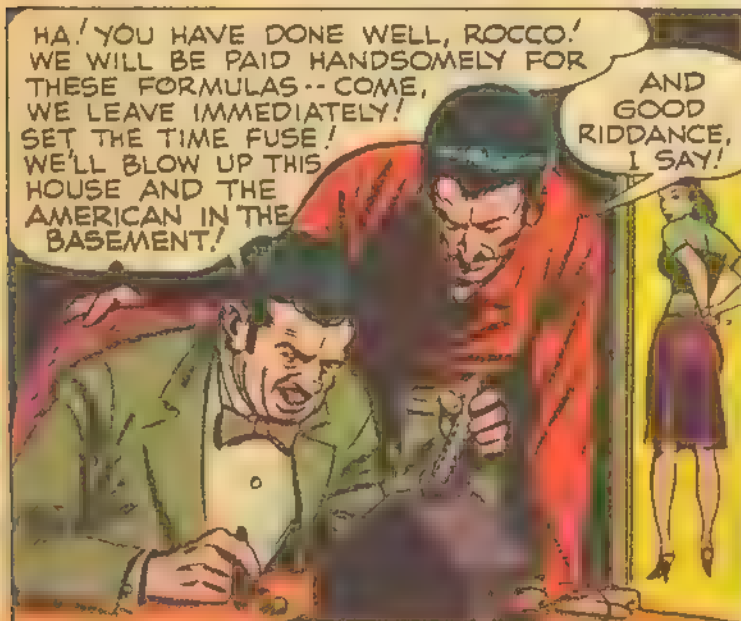
SUFFERING CATFISH! WHAT A MESS!

STUNNED BY HIS FALL, BILL LIES MOTIONLESS ON THE DAMP CELLAR FLOOR...



HA! YOU HAVE DONE WELL, ROCCO! WE WILL BE PAID HANDSOMELY FOR THESE FORMULAS--COME, WE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY! SET THE TIME FUSE! WE'LL BLOW UP THIS HOUSE AND THE AMERICAN IN THE BASEMENT!

AND GOOD RIDDANCE, I SAY!

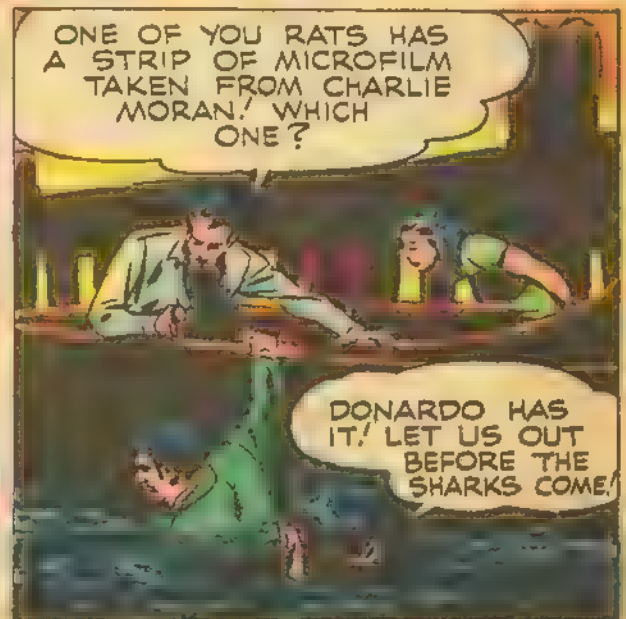


THE THREE SPIES HURRY TOWARD THE DOCK--SUDDENLY, THE SKY LIGHTS UP AS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE ISLAND...

THERE GOES THE HOUSE!

AND CONGO BILL! DON'T FORGET HIM! HA HA!





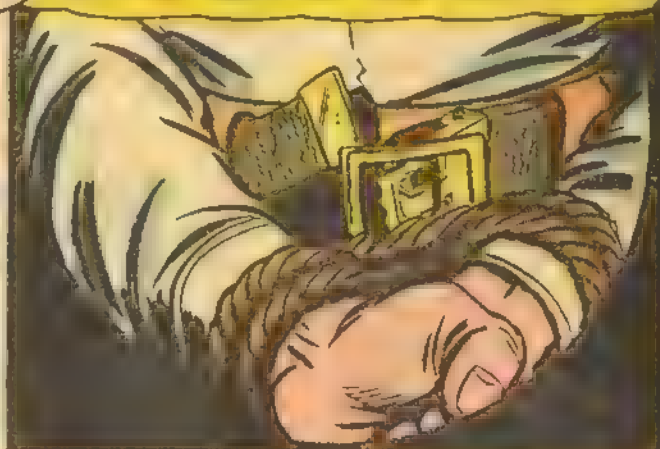
LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ...

ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE GOT US, BUT ONE THING I WANT TO KNOW IS HOW YOU ESCAPED FROM THE CELLAR--

THAT WAS A SITUATION THAT ALMOST HAD ME STUMPED!



WHEN I CAME TO I KNEW YOU SPIES WOULDN'T WASTE ANY TIME DISPOSING OF ME. THEN I REMEMBERED MY BELT BUCKLE! SLIDING IT AROUND TO MY BACK, I MANAGED TO SAW THE ROPES ON THE TEETH OF THE BUCKLE!



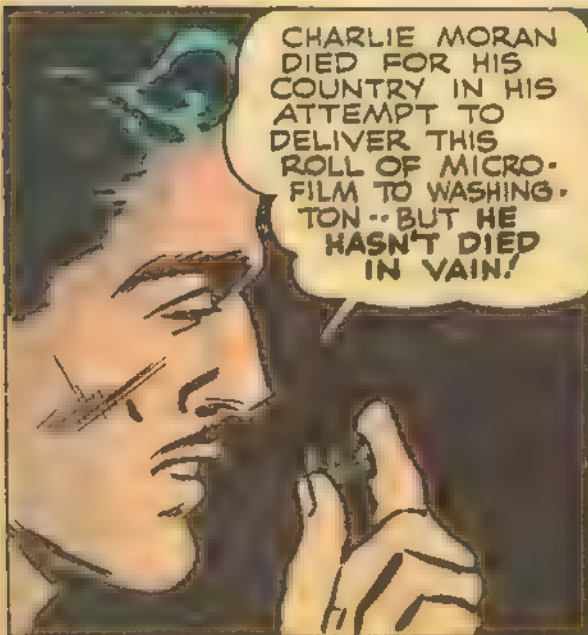
--THEN, PLACING ONE WINE BARREL ON TOP OF ANOTHER, I REACHED THE WINDOW AND SQUEEZED THROUGH--



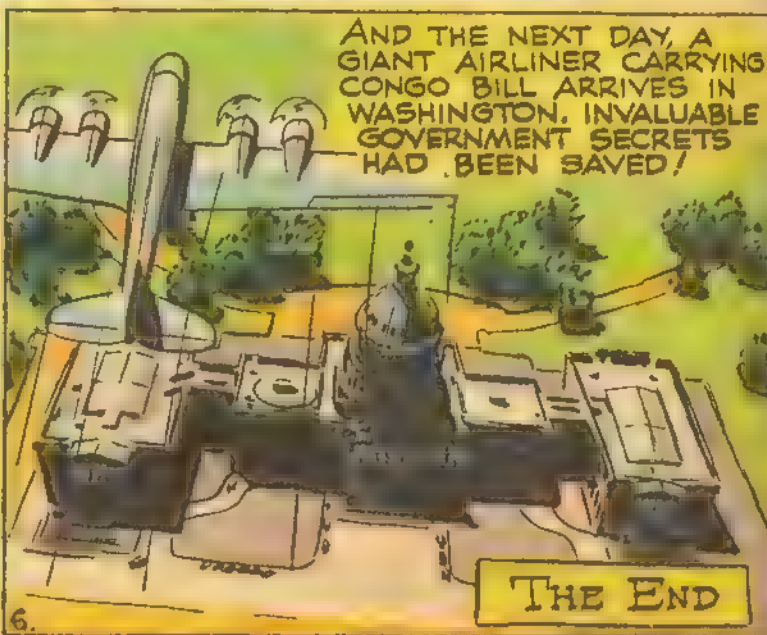
--FOLLOWING YOU KILLERS TO THE DOCK, I KNEW THAT I MUST GO INTO ACTION IF I WERE TO PREVENT YOU FROM GETTING AWAY IN THE BOAT--YOU KNOW THE REST--



CHARLIE MORAN DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY IN HIS ATTEMPT TO DELIVER THIS ROLL OF MICRO-FILM TO WASHINGTON--BUT HE HASN'T DIED IN VAIN!



AND THE NEXT DAY, A GIANT AIRLINER CARRYING CONGO BILL ARRIVES IN WASHINGTON. INVALUABLE GOVERNMENT SECRETS HAD BEEN SAVED!



THE END

PRIZES!

—AND OTHER FOLKS
FROM THE FUNNIES
FOR YOUR SHIRTS
AND BANDANNAS!

THEY'RE NEW!—THEY'RE DIFFERENT!

Pictures that Mom can press on with a hot iron! How other kids will envy you when you show up with Min and Chester Gump, Shadow, and Lillums on your sweat shirt, jacket, bandanna, handkerchief, T-shirt, and other sports clothes! Swap duplicates—get the full set of six—in different colors! Start your collection now!

—JUST ASK MOM FOR KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT TODAY!

No box tops or money to send—there's a comic transfer prize **FREE** in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

MOM! FOR A BRIGHT START
AT BREAKFAST—GIVE 'EM
THIS DEE-LICIOUS FAVORITE!



FREE!

KELLOGG'S SHRED

These prizes are enclosed only in packages of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat sold in the United States. COPYRIGHT 1967 BY KELLOGG CO.

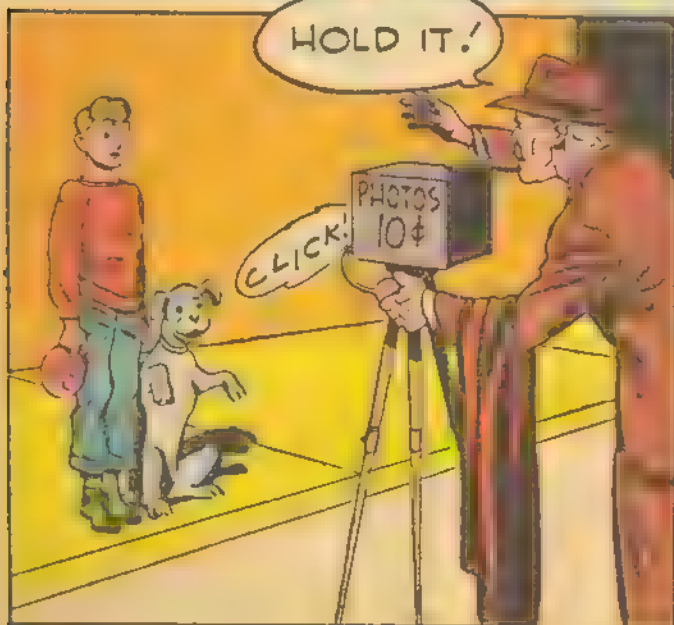
©1967 P A B

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

A CAMERA TELLS THE TRUTH, BUT THE MAN WHO OPERATES IT CAN LIE! WHEN A CLEVER SWINDLER ELUDES THE LAW, ZATARA ENTERS THE PICTURE, AND RISKS HIS LIFE TO PUT THINGS IN THEIR PROPER FOCUS AND DEVELOP A CANDID..

Photo of a phoney!

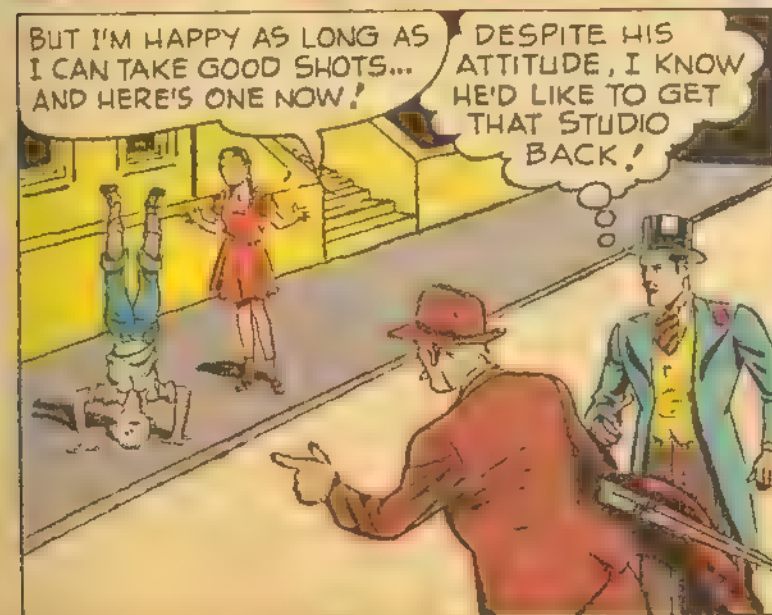
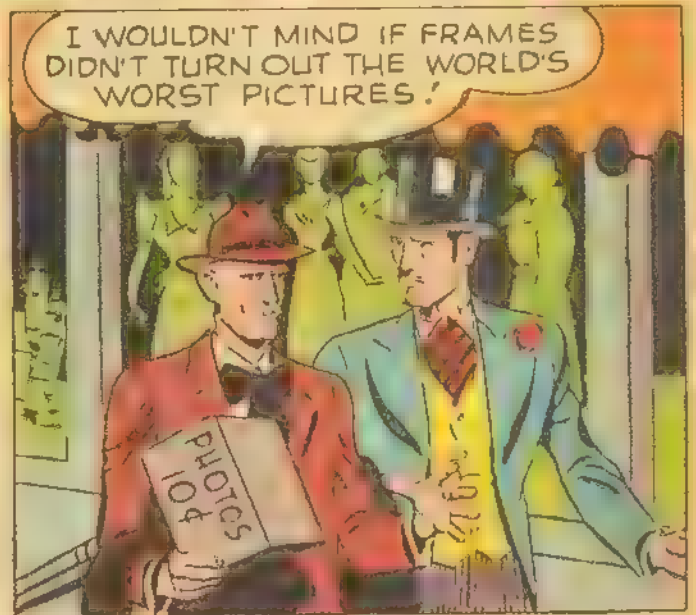


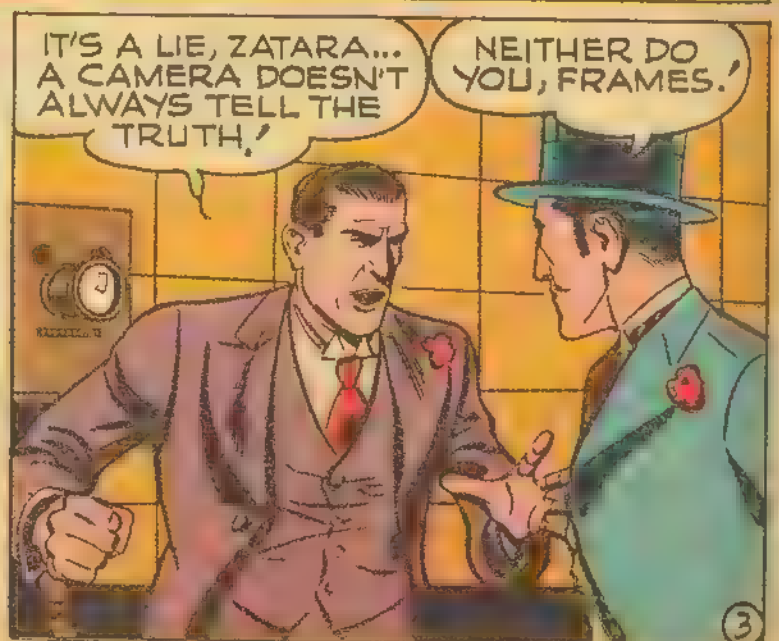
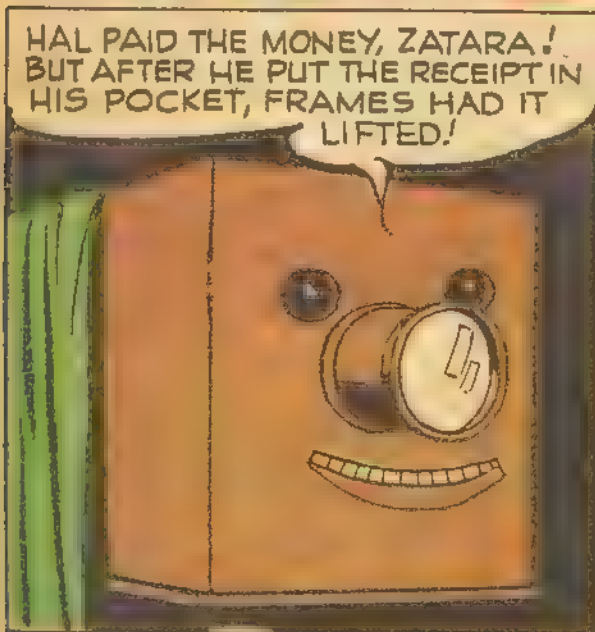
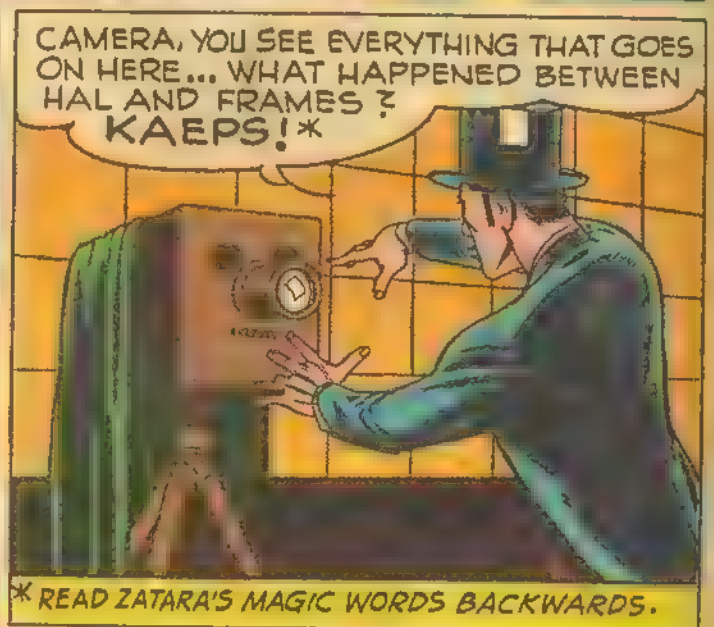
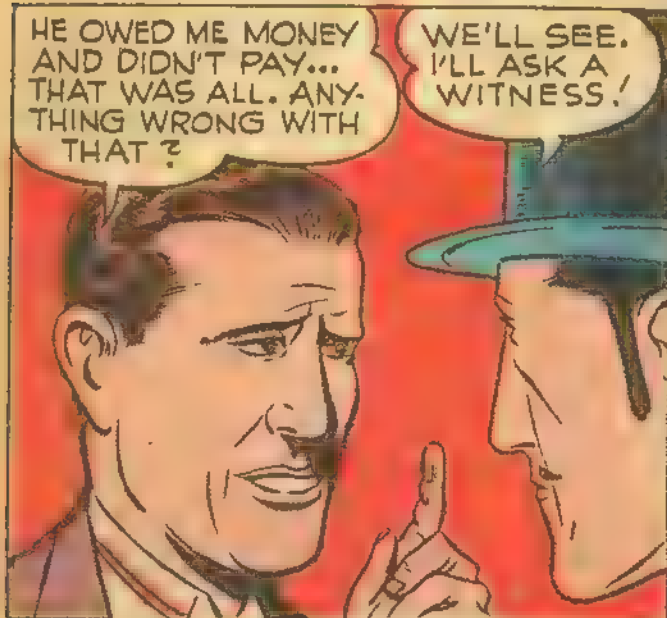
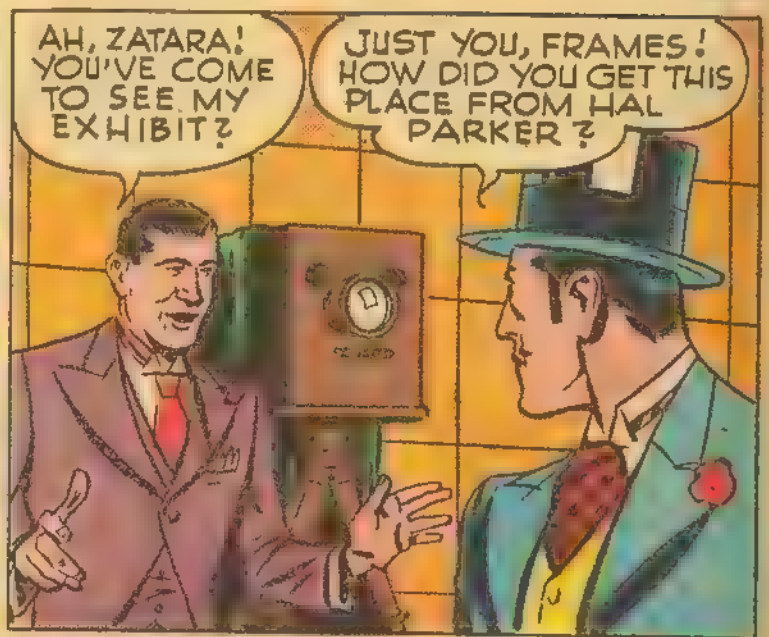
AMONG THE INTERESTED SPECTATORS IS ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN!

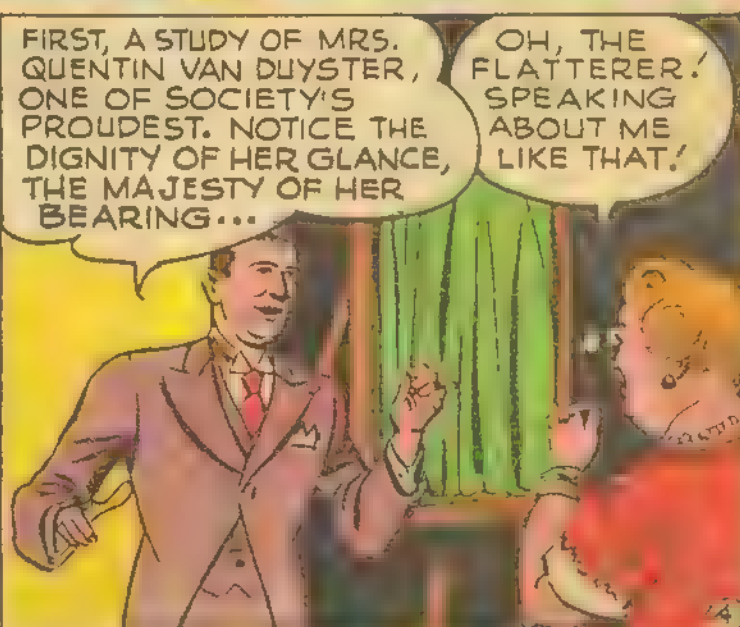
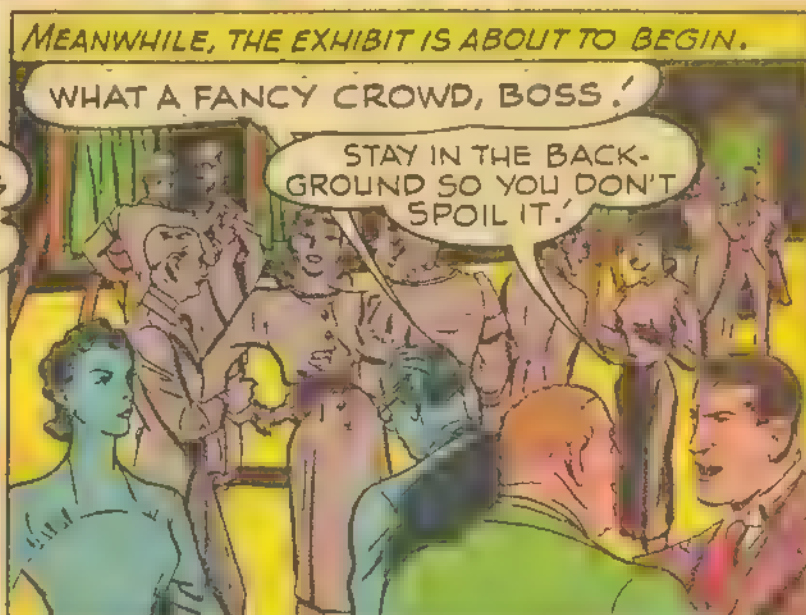
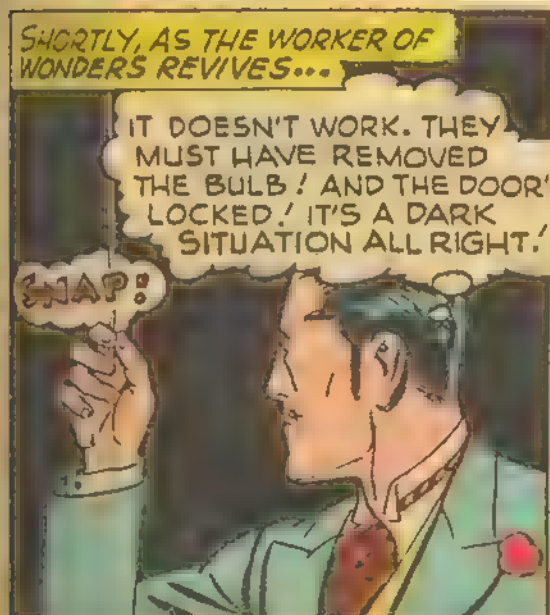
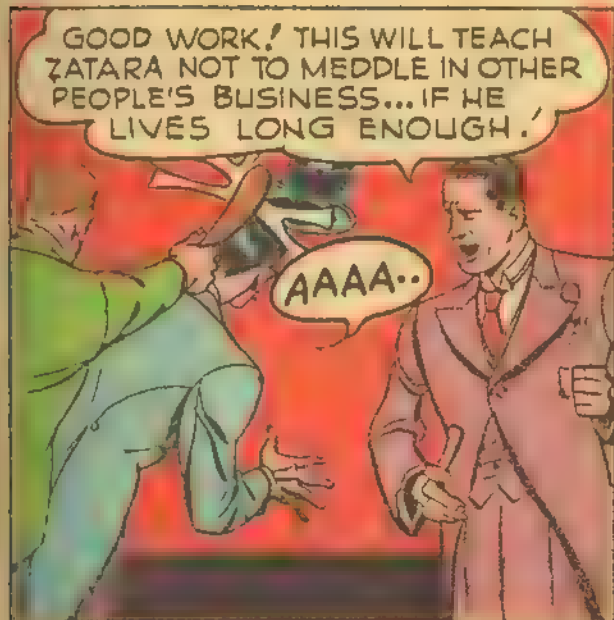
HERE'S YOUR PICTURE, BOY!

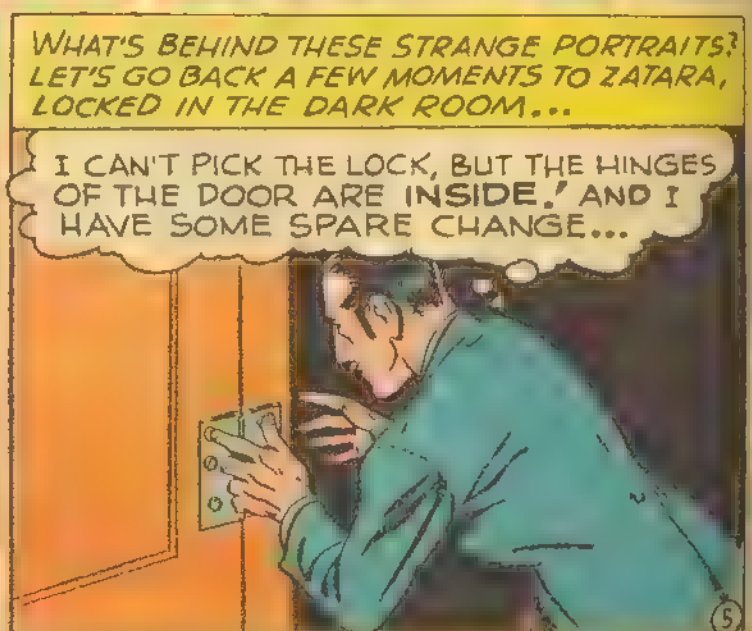
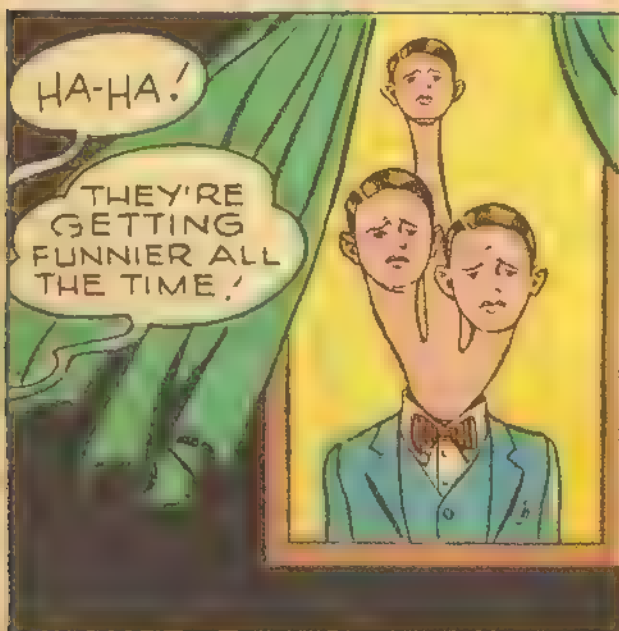
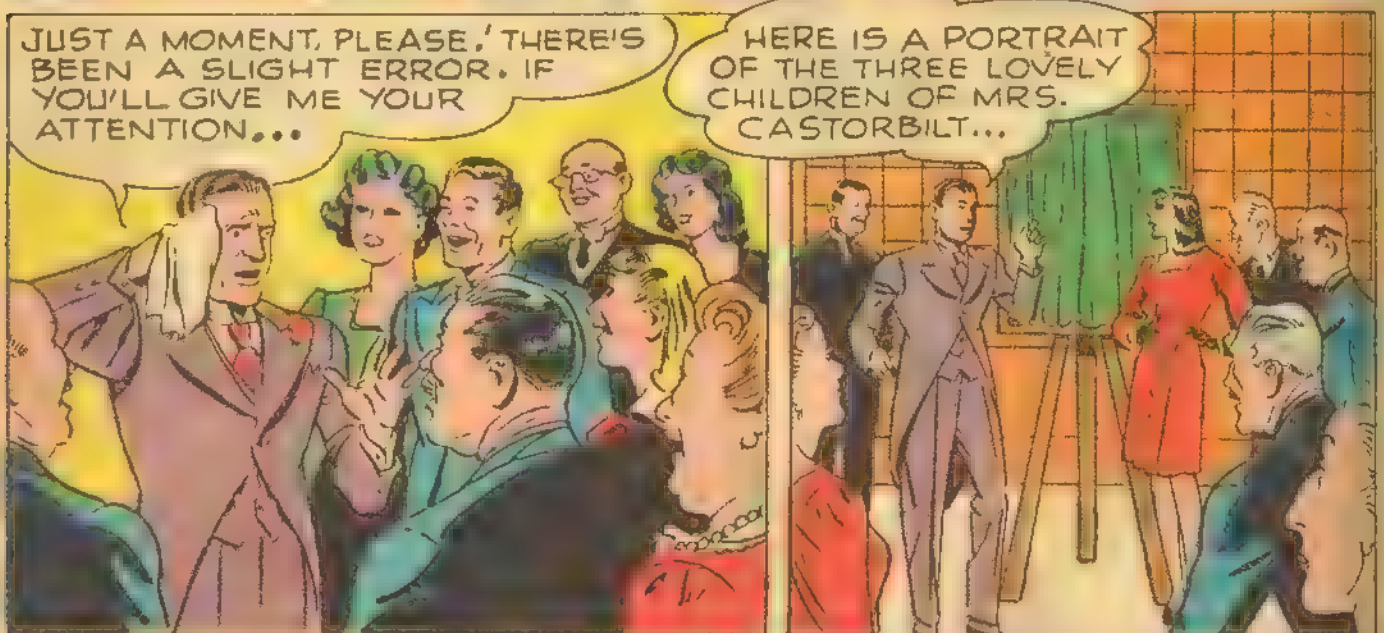
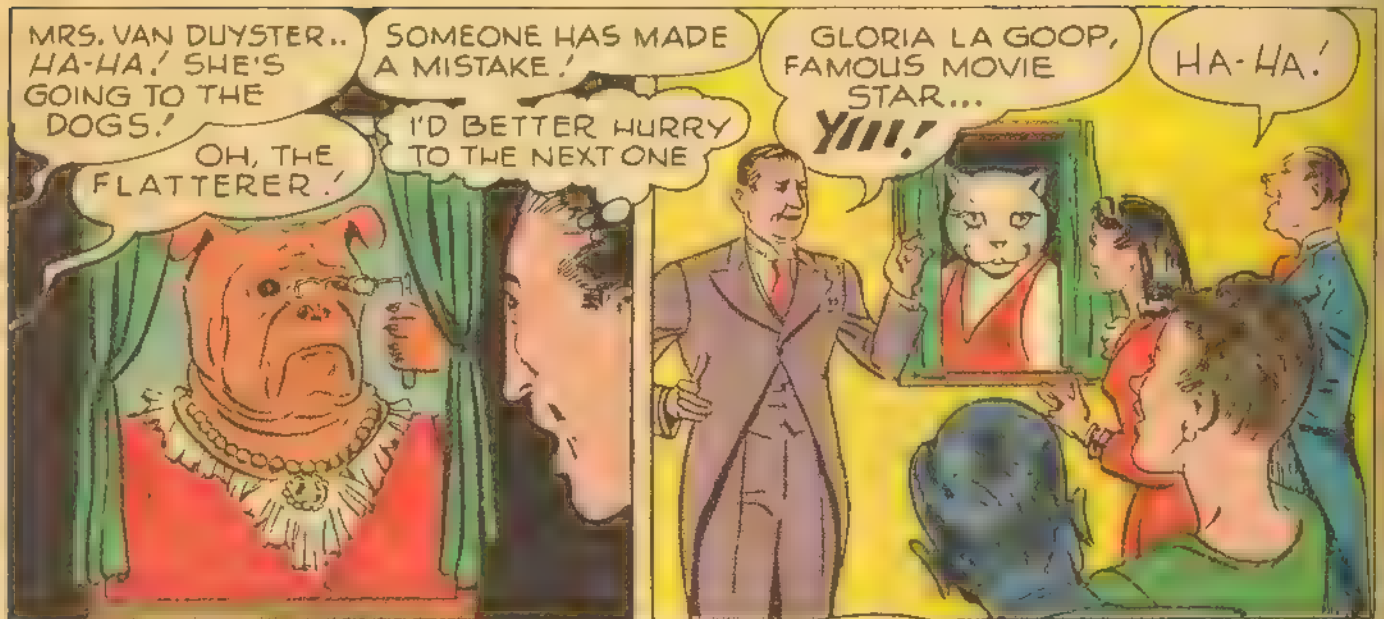
THANKS, MISTER... BUT, GOLLY, I HAVEN'T GOT A CENT... I CAN'T PAY...

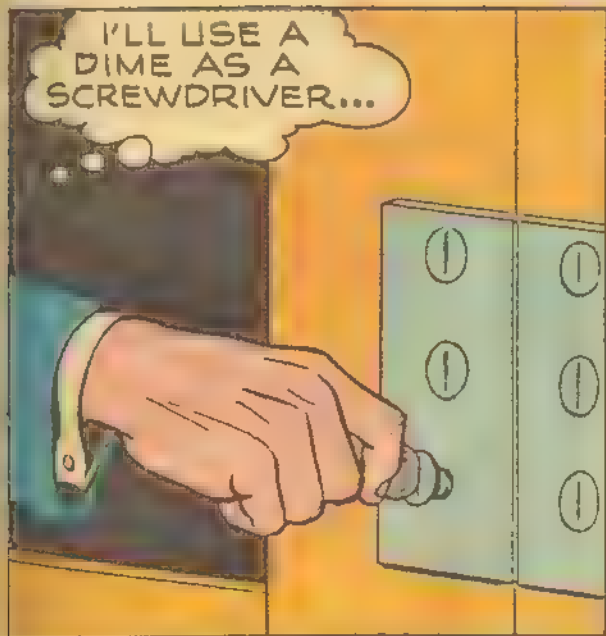




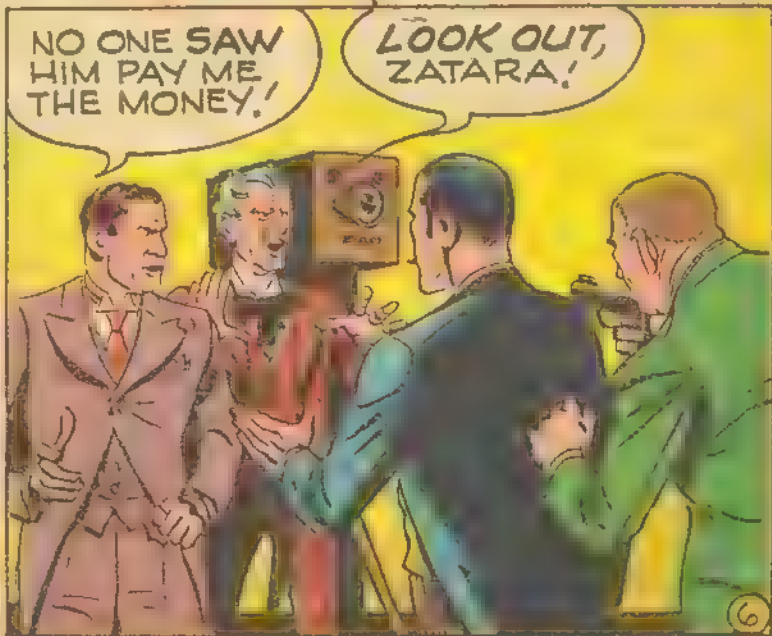
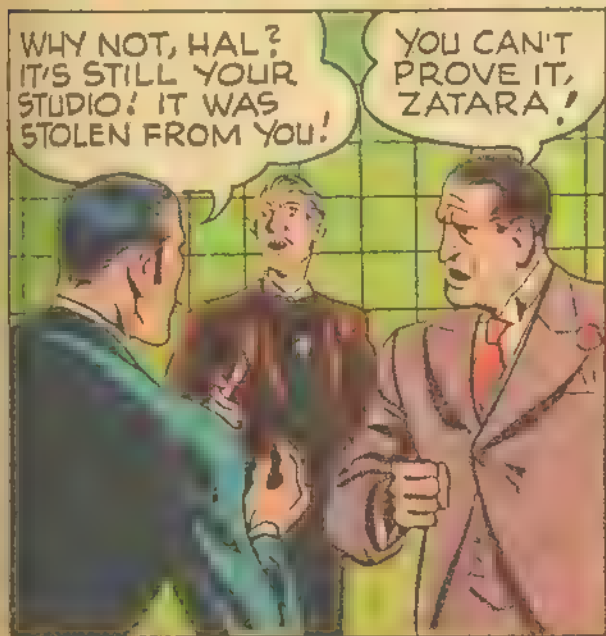
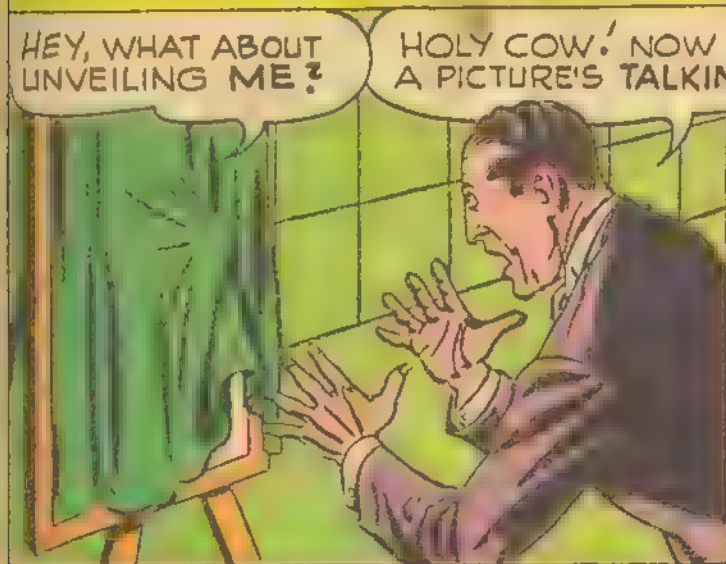


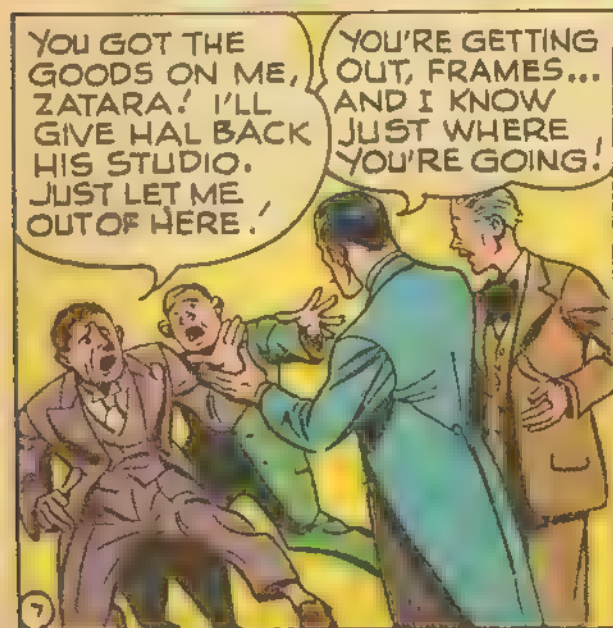
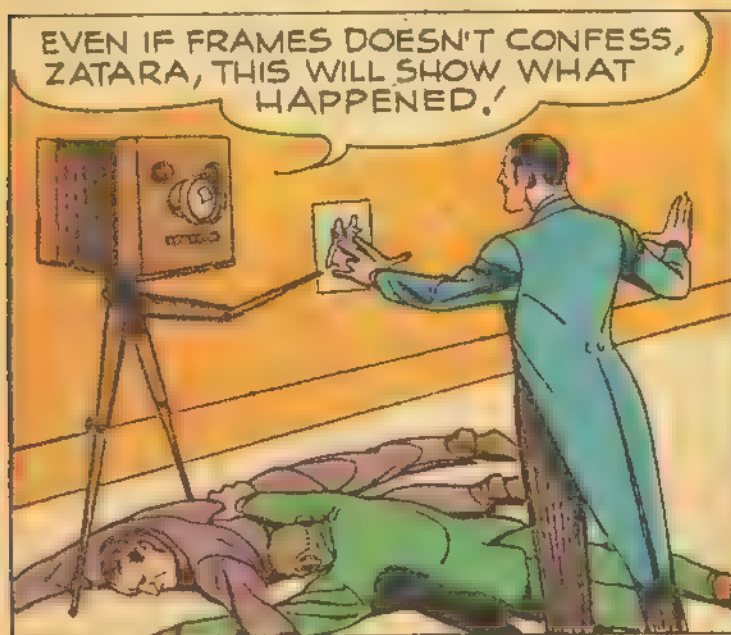
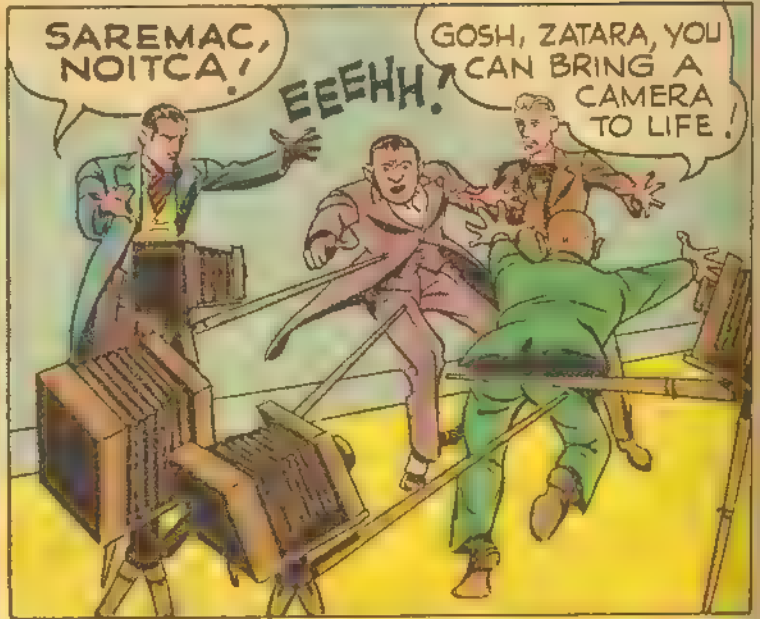
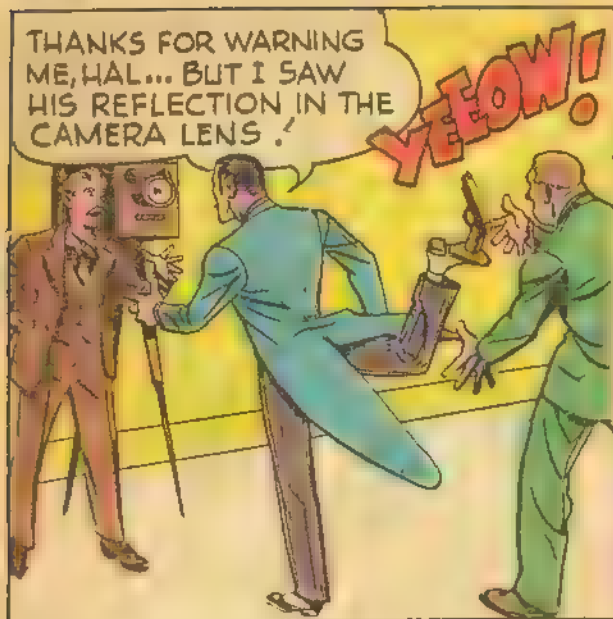






AND THAT EXPLAINS WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE PHOTOS! NOW ONE MORE TRICK...





FOR
MORE
MAGIC
AND
MIRTH
READ
PRESTO PETE
IN
**ANIMAL
ANTICS**

More Exciting Than Action!

GOLLY! I'M A
SUPERMAN FAN
 MYSELF, BUT SOME
 OF THESE REAL HEROES
 ARE SUPERMEN, TOO!

YOU'RE NOT
 KIDDING! THEY
ARE SUPERMEN!
 — AND A LOT OF
 THAT FAST-ACTION
 STUFF IS JUST LIKE
**BATMAN AND
 ROBIN!**

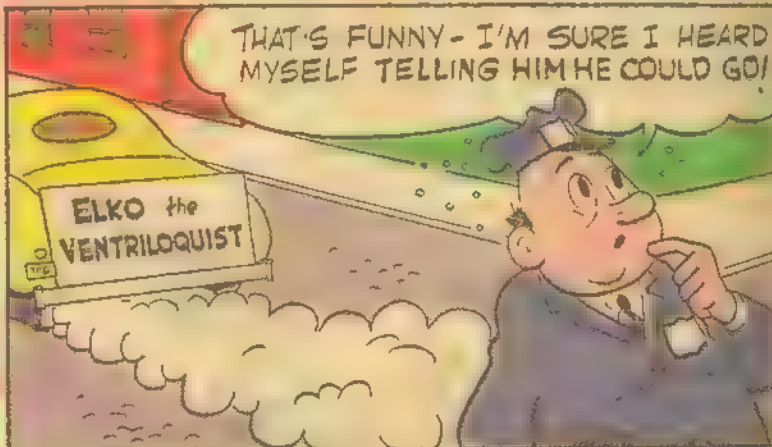
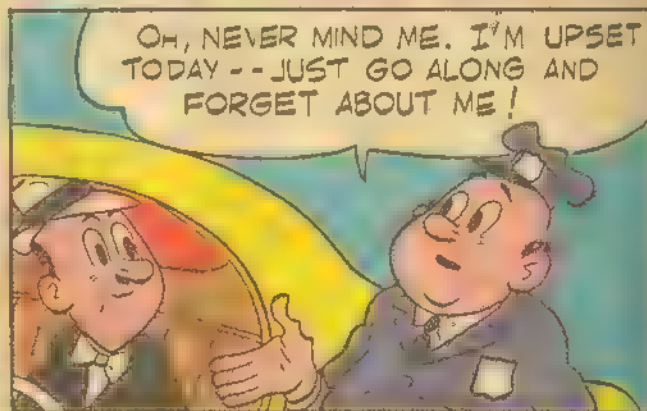
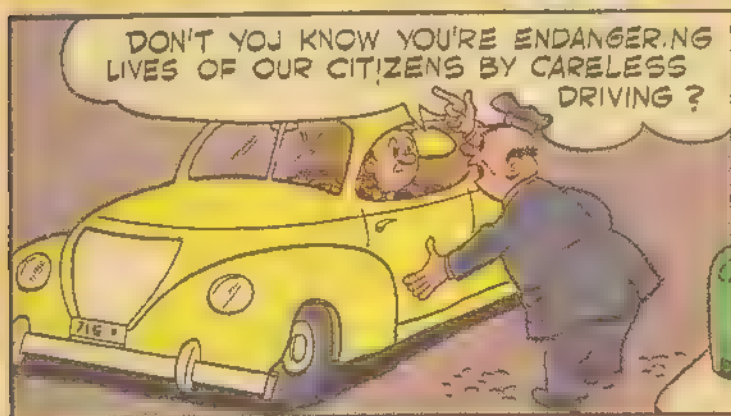
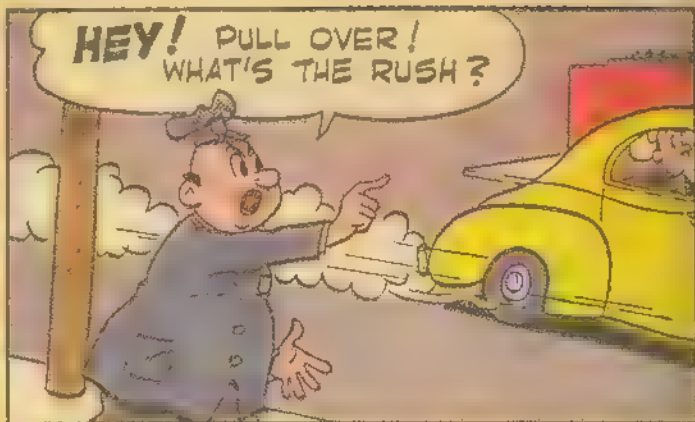
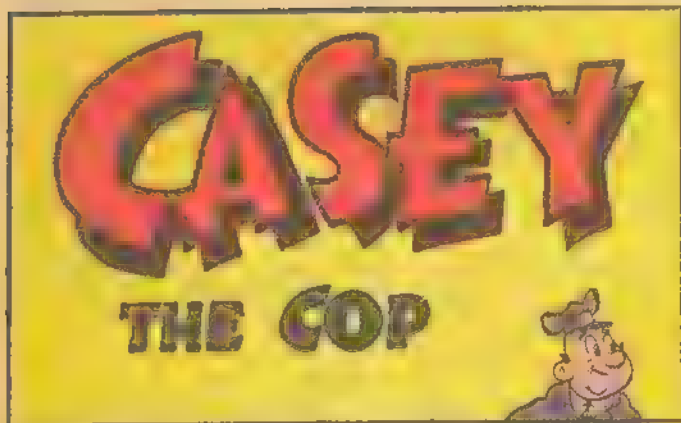


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SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Saturn No. 5)

F XFHWKNHJ MNY
RJFSX FS TZY, GZY NY
MJQUX YMJ YJFR YT
BNS.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

SEPT.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

ELEMENT OF SURPRISE

by Stan Carter

ALL during the war, the general store run by the Widow Banks did a wonderful business. And it was no secret around town that on Saturday nights she did a very big business—and kept the money she took in with her until the banks opened on Monday.

She was a peppery old girl, who was awaiting the day her only son would return from the Army. Right now, he was out in the Pacific, as everyone in town knew.

"But Bob'll be back soon," she'd tell the customers, "then he can run the business and I'll be able to take a rest." This remark was usually followed by an invitation to the listener to read Bob's latest letter, or see the trinkets he was forever sending to his mother.

They were the most astounding souvenirs; a piece from a Jap rifle, a *saki* bottle label, some Jap money, a coconut, pretty stones. The Widow Banks was always pleased to receive them, even when they were utterly useless items. But the townspeople were pretty bored with them by now.

The latest souvenir from Bob was delivered to his mother by Eddie Simmons, who lived on a ranch outside town and had just returned from service in the Pacific. As usual the Widow Banks was delighted, even if she didn't quite know what to do with the thing.

"But as long as Bob sent it, Eddie," she said, "I'm grateful. I'll sure try to

take care of it until he comes home."

Big Eddie Simmons smiled. "Bob's trying to get a ride home on an Army plane. Mrs. Banks, so you may be seeing him any day now. I hope he makes it soon."

So, too, did the rest of the town. They wanted a rest from hearing about Bob, and looking at zaney souvenirs.

There was one person, though, who was more than interested, Pierre Flandeu, who did odd jobs around town, and was a petty thief.

For a month now, Pierre had been pondering a way to get the pile of cash he knew the Widow Banks always kept in her bedroom on Saturday night. When the way occurred to him, it was absurdly simple.

The Widow Banks hired Pierre to put up her window screens. That way, Pierre Flandeu was able to fix the catches on two windows so that, while they'd look as though they were locked, the reverse was true.

Then he sat back and waited for Saturday night. Establishing an alibi would be easy. Everyone knew that he hung around Lane's Tavern, which was always crowded. It would be simple for Pierre to slip out, run over to the Widow Banks, make his haul, and return to the tavern before he was missed.

"Naturally, I shall not spend the money right away," Pierre told himself. "Maybe in a month or so I will

announce I have a new job, in the next town." He grinned. Better to commit this robbery now, while he had only an old lady to deal with. This son of hers, now, would be quite another thing. Pierre shuddered. It would not be nice to meet him.

Saturday night found Pierre, as usual, at Lane's Tavern. As the evening wore on toward midnight, the place was jammed with cowboys, ranchers, and townsmen. Pierre, looking at a clock, knew that for almost two hours now, the Widow Banks' store had been closed. And by now she would be asleep.

Pierre eased himself toward the washroom of the tavern. There, he very quietly slipped out through the window. He intended to return that way, also. No one saw him leave, nor did they see him using the back alley to get to the Widow Banks' house.

Widow Banks lived over her store. There was a rainpipe alongside the building, and the agile Pierre, after adjusting his mask, made an easy ascent.

Very carefully, he opened the window. He could hear the Widow Banks snoring lightly. Beneath the mask, Pierre's lips curled in contempt: Only a woman, and an old one at that. Nevertheless, he must make sure that she made no noise. He would have to use a light to get the money. For that reason, he had provided himself with a flash.

He stepped lightly into the room. Then he stiffened. Had he heard something? Or had he imagined that odd noise? For a long moment he stood there. No, nothing but the Widow

Banks' breathing. He moved toward the bed . . .

She didn't scream, but there was terror in her eyes as she awakened and saw the man beside her bed. "Where is the money?" Pierre hissed. He levelled his pistol at her.

The Widow Banks thought more of her life than the money. "Beneath the mattress," she said hoarsely, "at my feet."

Pierre's eyes glinted. The element of surprise, he told himself, had made her reveal the hiding place. But best not to take chances. Quickly, he stripped a sheet from the bed, bound and gagged the old lady. Then he roughly dropped her on the floor.

He placed his pistol on the table, and turned his attention to the mattress. She hadn't lied. It was there, a thick sheaf of money. And all his! Hurriedly, he stuffed it in his pocket. Then he turned, playing his flashlight on the table, where he had placed his gun.

He froze to attention. This was not possible! It was a mirage. "No!" he cried. "Don't . . . don't!"

There was a shot.

"I was so surprised I almost fainted," the Widow Banks told Sheriff Carter later, "when Jabber shot Pierre with his own gun!"

Sheriff Carter scratched his head, looked at the tiny rhesus monkey that Eddie Simmons had brought back to Mrs. Banks as a present from her son. "Sure beats all how that little monkey handled Pierre's gun, Widder Banks," he said. "And I'll bet that thievin' Pierre was sure surprised, finding a monkey in here!"

HAYFOOT HENRY



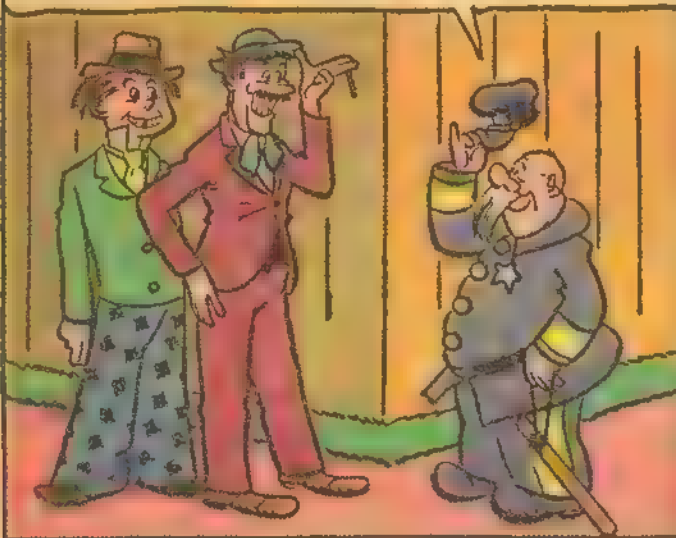
SO INTENT ON A RHYME
THAT HIS BRAIN
GETS THICK,
OUR HENRY FALLS FOR
AN OBVIOUS TRICK.
READ THE TALE
OF HOW HENRY
WAS TWITTED
INTO BEHAVIOR RATHER
HALF-WITTED.
BUT THOUGH
HE WAS KIDDED
HE REALLY BENEFITED,
WHICH IS WHY,
DESPITE PAINS LIKE
RED-HOT FOKERS,
HENRY FORGIVES
"THE
PRACTICAL
JOKERS!"

HERE COMES HENRY. AND JUDGING FROM HIS LOOK,
HE NEEDS A VERSE FOR HIS RHYMING BOOK.
HE'S THE WORST NUISANCE UNDER THE SUN.
LET'S TEACH HIM A LESSON AND HAVE SOME FUN!

JUST OUT OF TOWN, IN A CRUMBLING SHACK,
LIVES THE HALF-WITTED HERMIT, CRAZY JACK!
LET'S CONVINCE HENRY THAT JACK'S A GUY
WHO CAN PULL TOUGH RHYMES RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY!



GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTS. YOU BOTH LOOK SO BRIGHT, PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME OUT OF MY PLIGHT!



PLEASE DON'T TELL ME. LET ME GUESS! YOU NEED A RHYME. AM I RIGHT? CONFESS!



DO YOU KNOW CRAZY JACK? HE'S TERRIBLY WISE! ANSWERS FOR EVERYTHING, HE SUPPLIES!



AMPHIBIA--ANIMALS WHICH ON LAND OR SEA ARE EQUALLY AT HOME BUT WHERE'S A RHYME FOR AMPHIBIA? IT JUST WON'T STRIKE MY DOME!



CRAZY JACK'S THE MAN FOR YOU, HE'LL SUPPLY RHYMES BOTH OLD AND NEW, YOU'D BE AMAZED AT HIS MENTAL STUNTS.



OH--BY THE WAY, YOU MUSTN'T EXPECT CRAZY JACK'S ANSWERS TO BE TOO DIRECT! HE MAKES HIMSELF CLEAR IN HIS OWN STRANGE WAY, SO DON'T BE SURPRISED AT ANYTHING HE'LL SAY!





HA-HA--HE FELL FOR IT LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!
AND TO THINK THAT JACK'S THE WORST OF LUNATICS!



THAT MUST BE JACK!
HM--HE ACTS KIND OF SAPPY!
BUT IF HE FINDS MY RHYME,
I'LL BE VERY HAPPY!



ER--WHY STAND ON YOUR HEAD?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
ARE YOU THINKING, OR GETTING
YOUR SOLES SUN-TANNED?

HAS COP GOT MONEY
SO JACK CAN BUY
NICE ICE CREAM CONE
OR CHERRY PIE?



HE ACTS LIKE A CHILD. CAN HE REALLY BE WISE?
BUT PERHAPS, AS THEY SAID, HIS WORDS ARE A DISGUISE.

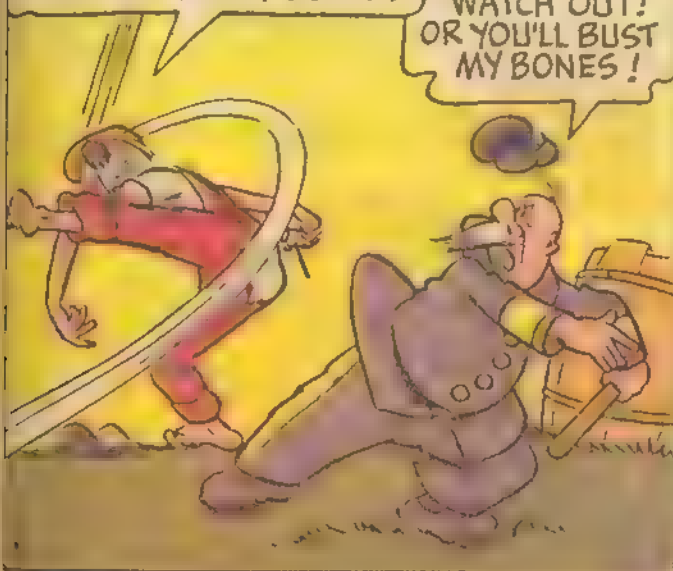
WHAT RHYMES
WITH AMPHIBIA?
I'M TOLD
YOU KNOW!

SEE PRETTY STONE?
WATCH JACK MAKE IT GO!



SEE HOW IT FLIES?
JACK LOVES PRETTY STONES!

HEY--
WATCH OUT!
OR YOU'LL BUST
MY BONES!



OW--YOU IDOT! YOU'VE HURT MY SHIN!
I SEE IT ALL NOW! I'VE BEEN TAKEN IN!
I SUSPECT THAT THOSE TWO HELPFUL GENTS
WERE JUST HAVING FUN AT MY EXPENSE!





WANT I FIND THEM! IN JAIL THEY'LL BE THROWN!
I HOPE THAT ROCK DIDN'T DAMAGE THE BONE!



SHORTLY AFTER 3:00 P.M. ON THE STREET
HENRY AND THE JOKER ACCIDENTALLY MEET.

HERE HE COMES! LET'S BEAT IT, QUICK!
HE MUST BE MAD AT OUR DIRTY TRICK!



WHAT'S THE USE! MY SHIN HURTS SO,
I CAN'T EVEN RUN, SO I'LL HAVE TO LET THEM GO.
MAYBE I'D BEST SEE THE DOCTOR HERE.
WHO KNOWS? THE DAMAGE MAY BE SEVERE!

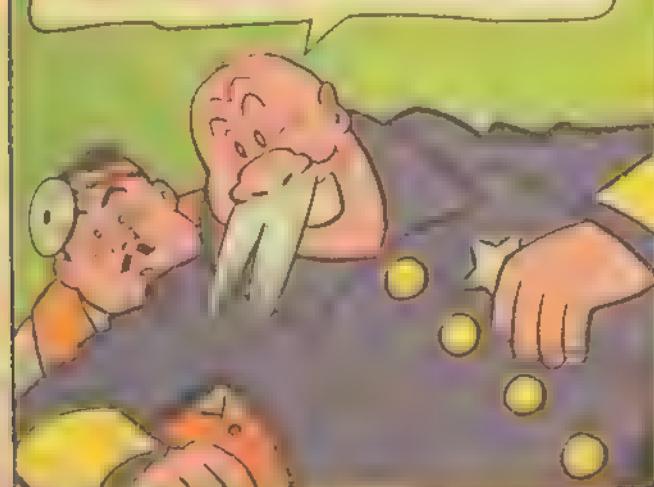


--THEY TOLD ME THE NUT
KNEW A RHYME
FOR AMPHIBIA--

NOT VERY
SERIOUS!
JUST A BRUISE
ON THE TIBIA!



AMPHIBIA--TIBIA! EUREKA!
THAT'S MY RHYME!
MAYBE THOSE FELLOWS
TOLD THE TRUTH ALL THE TIME!



HEY--COME BACK!
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE IN PAIN!

NEVER MIND, DOC.
THE PAIN'S ON THE WANE!
FINDING MY RHYME'S
THE BEST CURE YET!
I MUST WRITE IT DOWN
BEFORE I FORGET!



"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

TRAPPING A BANDIT



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE JEWEL ROBBERIES! THIS FAKE NEWSPAPER STORY MIGHT FOOL THE BANDIT AND LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT... WITH U.S. ROYAL'S HELP!

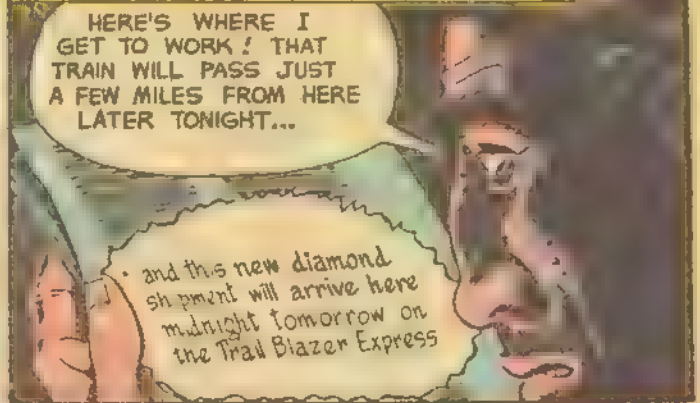
MY PAPER IS HAPPY TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE POLICE, SIR... WE'LL RUN IT IN THE NEXT EDITION!



NEXT DAY, IN THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT...

HERE'S WHERE I GET TO WORK! THAT TRAIN WILL PASS JUST A FEW MILES FROM HERE LATER TONIGHT...

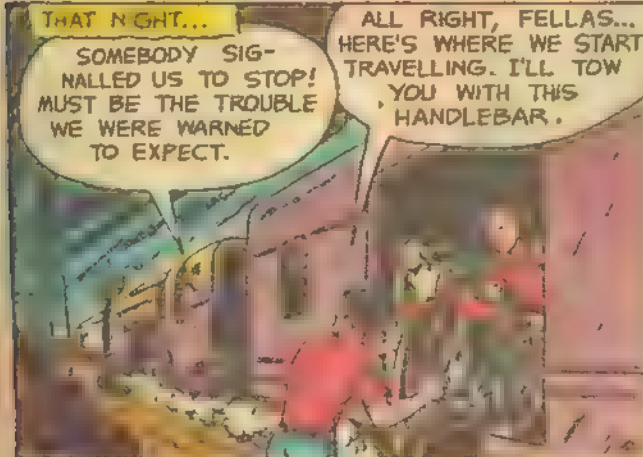
and this new diamond shipment will arrive here midnight tomorrow on the Trail Blazer Express



THAT NIGHT...

SOMEBODY SIGNALLED US TO STOP! MUST BE THE TROUBLE WE WERE WARNED TO EXPECT.

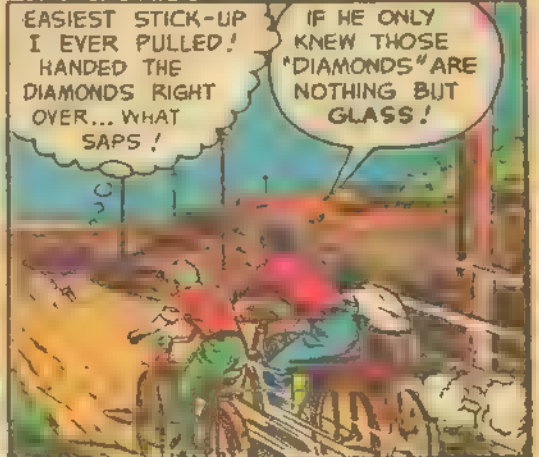
ALL RIGHT, FELLAS... HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELLING. I'LL TOW YOU WITH THIS HANDLEBAR.



AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BKE CLUB STREAK OFF AFTER THE ESCAPING BANDIT...

EASIEST STICK-UP I EVER PULLED! HANDED THE DIAMONDS RIGHT OVER... WHAT SAPS!

IF HE ONLY KNEW THOSE "DIAMONDS" ARE NOTHING BUT GLASS!



SO THIS IS WHERE HE HIDES THE LOOT! BOYS, I'LL STAND GUARD, WHILE YOU GO FOR THE POLICE...

LATER...

YOU BOYS DID A SWELL JOB! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED THIS THIEF TO HIS HIDEOUT, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE RECOVERED THOSE STOLEN GEMS!

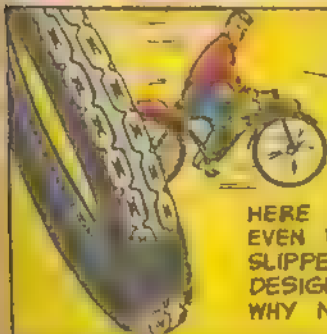


FELLAS - IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL FAST... BUT SAFELY... USE U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



NEXT ISSUE:
RACING TO
THE RESCUE!

"I'LL TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN EVERY TIME" - SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.



HERE IS A TIRE THAT HOLDS THE ROAD EVEN WHEN SURFACES ARE WET AND SLIPPERY. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN DESIGN GIVES BETTER CONTROL! WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science



VIGILANTE



THE VIGILANTE—
A NAME WHICH STRIKES
TERROR IN THE HEARTS
OF THE UNDERWORLD'S
HORDES! A NAME THAT
MEANS SWIFT PURSUIT FOR
LAWBREAKERS, WITH WESTERN
WITS AND WEAPONS ENLISTED TO
BRING RANGELAND JUSTICE TO
THE CITY'S MAN-MADE CANYONS!
YES, IMPRESSIVE IS THE REPUTATION
BUILT UP BY THE HARD-PUNCHING
PLAINSMAN AND STUFF, HIS
YOUNG PAL FROM CHINATOWN—
AND SO AWE-INSPIRING THAT IT
BACKFIRES AMAZINGLY TO CON-
FRONT A BEWILDERED CITY
WITH...

THE VIGILANTE'S Double!

THE WEEKLY PAYROLL DELIVERY IS ROUTINE AT THE ACME PLANT...

HA-THE GOLD DUST TWINS AGAIN! WELCOME, GENTS!

HIYA, JIM?

BUT THIS ACTIVITY ON THE FACTORY ROOF IS NOT ROUTINE...

THAT'S IT, BOYS—EASY AND CLOSE TOGETHER... NOW!

SUDDENLY

GAS! I CAN'T BREATHE!

LEMME HELP YOU WITH THAT BAG, BUD!

A PERFECT JOB—UNTIL SUDDENLY, A NOOSE STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR, AND...

YOU SURE HAD THIS PLANNED SLICK, RIP!

I NEVER LEAVE ANYTHING TO CHANCE! THATS—**YIP!**

THE VIGILANTE!

I CAN'T SAY THAT YOUR FACE IS FAMILIAR—

—BUT THIS FEELS LIKE WE'VE MET BEFORE!

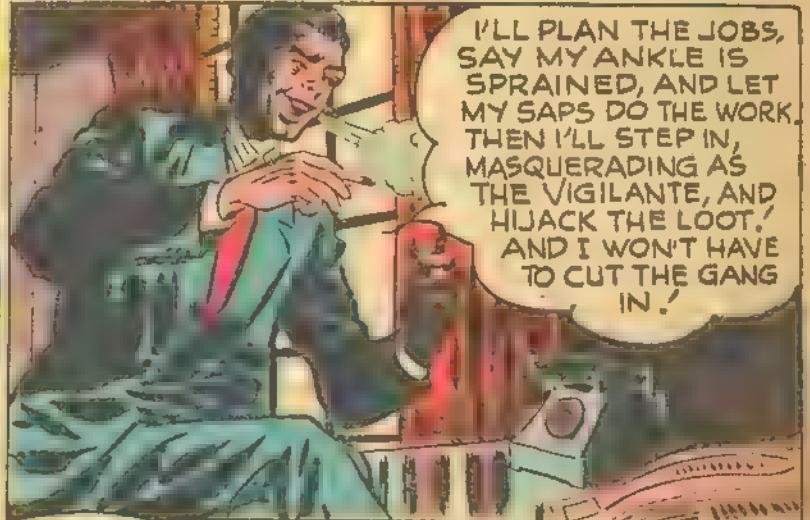
AAAGH!

THE VIGILANTE! I'M SCRAMMING!



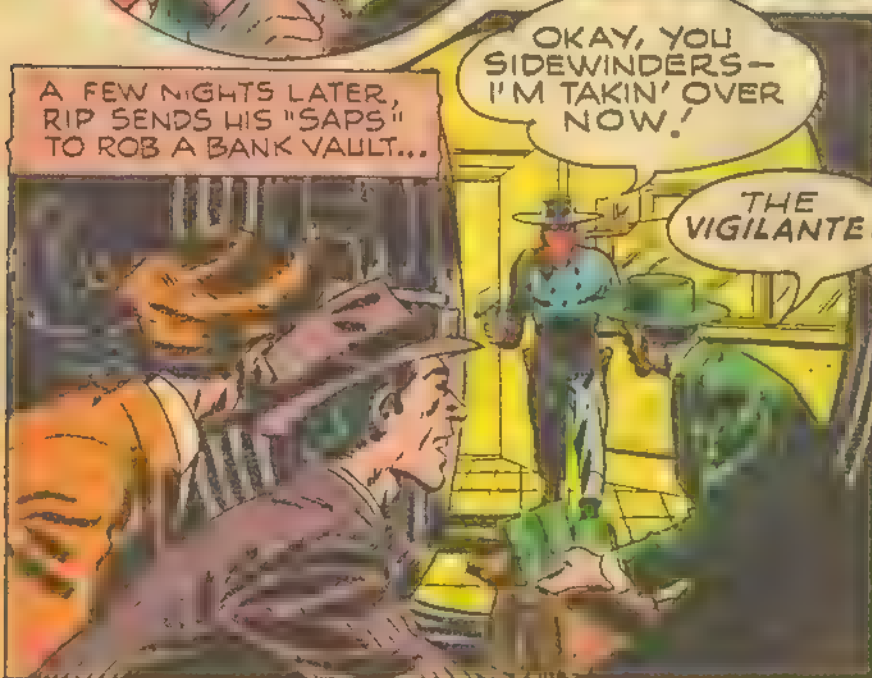
BUT GANG LEADER RIP MORRISON'S NARROW ESCAPE GIVES HIM AN IDEA...

A HUNDRED GRAND, AND MY BOYS DROP IT LIKE HOT COALS AT SIGHT OF THE VIGILANTE! SAY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...



I'LL PLAN THE JOBS, SAY MY ANKLE IS SPRAINED, AND LET MY SAPS DO THE WORK. THEN I'LL STEP IN, MASQUERADING AS THE VIGILANTE, AND HIJACK THE LOOT! AND I WON'T HAVE TO CUT THE GANG IN!

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, RIP SENDS HIS "SAPS" TO ROB A BANK VAULT...



OKAY, YOU SIDEWINDERS— I'M TAKIN' OVER NOW!

THE VIGILANTE!

A CINCH! ALL I GOTTA DO IS STEP IN WEARIN' THIS VIGILANTE OUTFIT, AND THE SAPS RUN LIKE SCARED RABBITS!



NEXT NIGHT, RIP'S GANG ROBS A JEWELRY STORE...

I'M CARRYIN' SO MUCH ICE I FEEL LIKE A TRUCK!

Siffanti
JEWELERS

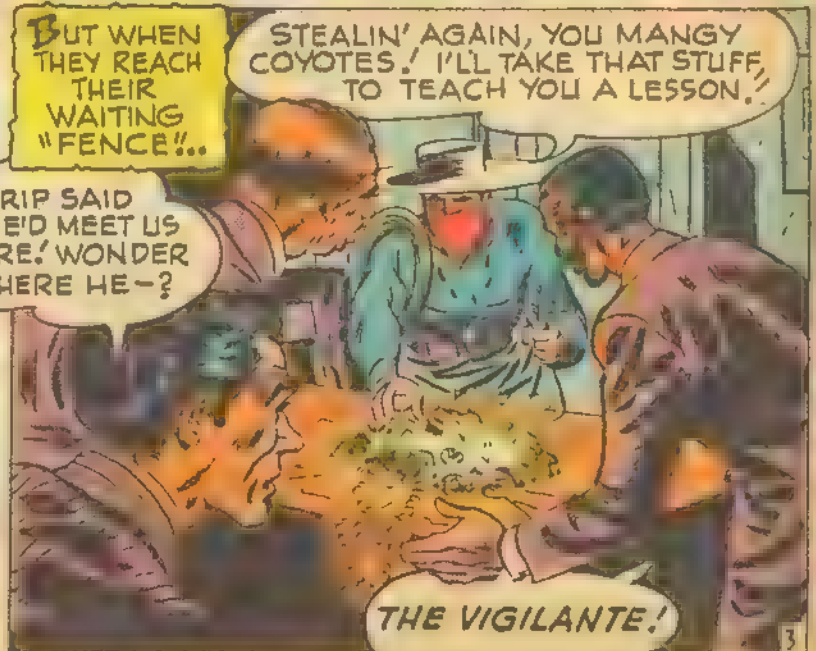


WE SURE CLEANED THAT JOINT!

BUT WHEN THEY REACH THEIR WAITING "FENCE"...

RIP SAID HE'D MEET US HERE! WONDER WHERE HE—?

STEALIN' AGAIN, YOU MANGY COYOTES! I'LL TAKE THAT STUFF TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!



THE VIGILANTE!



AS THE "FENCE" TRIES TO POCKET A NECKLACE...

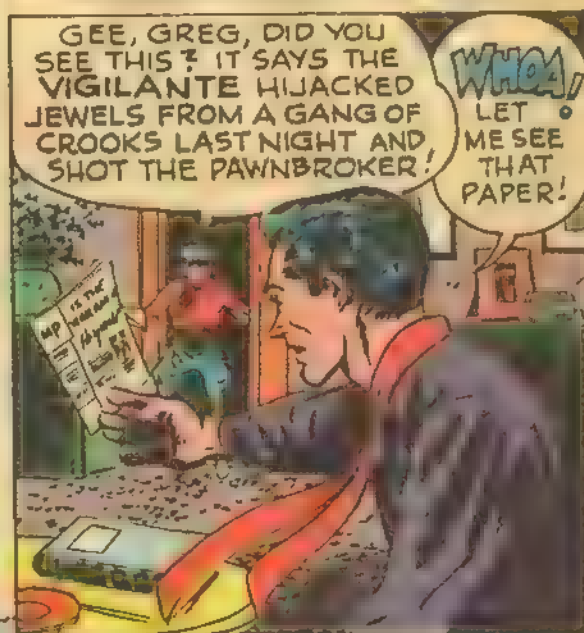


TRY TO HOLD OUT ON ME, YOU BUZZARD? THIS'LL TEACH YOU!

AAGH!

NEXT MORNING...

IN GREG SANDERS' APARTMENT...

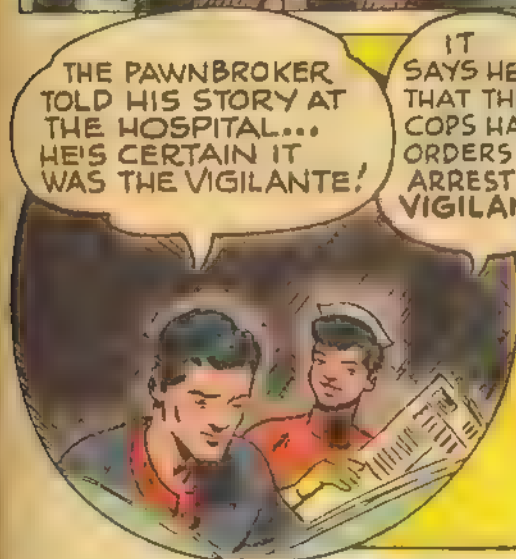


GEE, GREG, DID YOU SEE THIS? IT SAYS THE VIGILANTE HIJACKED JEWELS FROM A GANG OF CROOKS LAST NIGHT AND SHOT THE PAWNBROKER!

WHO! LET ME SEE THAT PAPER!

THE PAWNBROKER TOLD HIS STORY AT THE HOSPITAL... HE'S CERTAIN IT WAS THE VIGILANTE!

IT SAYS HERE THAT THE COPS HAVE ORDERS TO ARREST THE VIGILANTE!



DAILY INQUIRER
VIGILANTE SEEN AT
WAREHOUSE ROBBERY

MORNING DISPATCH
STAR THEATER HELD UP!

mp
IS THE
VIGILANTE A
Hijacker?



The Observer
MARKET THIEVES
TRIPPED BY
VIGILANTE

AND THAT NIGHT...

VIGILANTE! COME ON! WE'RE ALL SET!

THIS WILL SET YOU BACK WHERE YOU BELONG, LOBO!

THE VIGILANTE! HE'S WORSE THAN THE CROOKS! HELP! POLICE!





CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED THIS TIME, VIGILANTE! STOP!

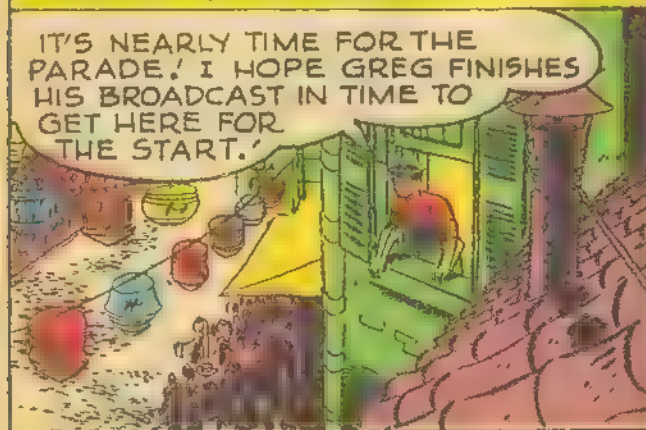
WE CAN'T ARGUE NOW, STUFF! WE'D LAND IN JAIL AND BE UN-MASKED!

GEE, THAT WAS CLOSE, VIG! THE COPS NEARLY HAD US!

BOTH CROOKS AND THE LAW ARE AGAINST ME NOW! IF I'M TO STAY OUT OF JAIL, I MUST SHOW UP THIS VIGILANTE-MASQUERADER! BUT HOW?



THAT PROBLEM SEEMS INSOLVABLE! BUT, WHILE CHINATOWN CELEBRATES ITS NEW YEAR, STUFF FORGETS THE VIGILANTE'S TROUBLES, MOMENTARILY...

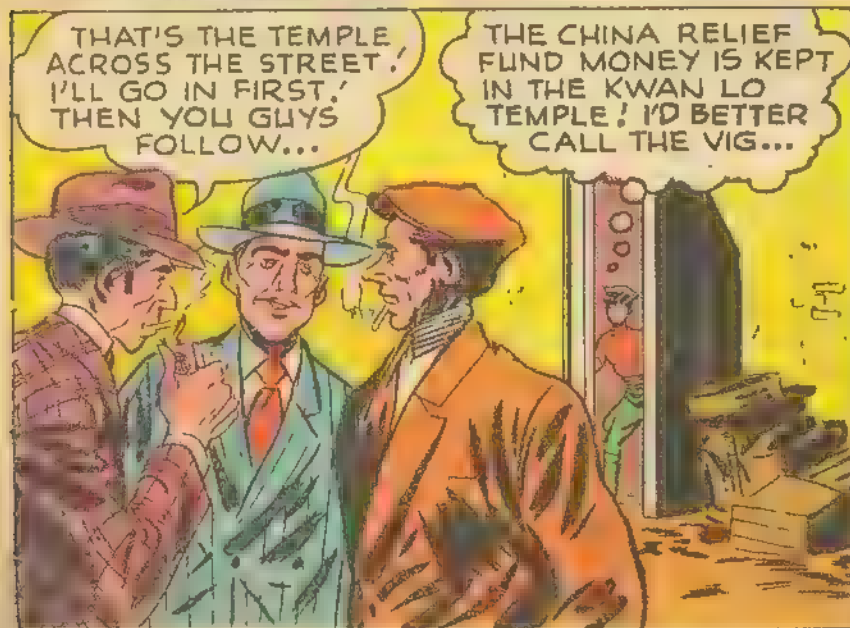


IT'S NEARLY TIME FOR THE PARADE! I HOPE GREG FINISHES HIS BROADCAST IN TIME TO GET HERE FOR THE START.

SUDDENLY..
STUFF SEES A FAMILIAR FACE...



THERE'S HAP HOGAN AND TWO OF HIS GANG! WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN CHINATOWN? I'LL GO DOWN AND FIND OUT...



THAT'S THE TEMPLE ACROSS THE STREET! I'LL GO IN FIRST! THEN YOU GUYS FOLLOW...

THE CHINA RELIEF FUND MONEY IS KEPT IN THE KWAN LO TEMPLE! I'D BETTER CALL THE VIG...



AND SO, AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR ENDS HIS BROADCAST...

THERE'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU, MR. SANDERS!

THANKS!



MEANWHILE,
IN THE KWAN
LO TEMPLE...

SO YOU WON'T
GIVE US THE CHINA
RELIEF FUND DOUGH,
HUH? MAYBE THIS
WILL CHANGE YOUR
MIND, POP!

UGH!

TAG-NOW YOU'RE
HIT, HOGAN!

GET THAT BRAT-
OOOF!



THEN, STEPPING THROUGH A DOOR...

IT'S A
PLEASURE, HAP!
I NEVER COULD
STAND KIDS!

THERE OUGHTTA
BE BIG DOUGH IN
THAT BOX!
LOOK OUT!
THE VIGILANTE!

NICE WORK,
BUZZARDS! NOW
I'LL TAKE OVER!



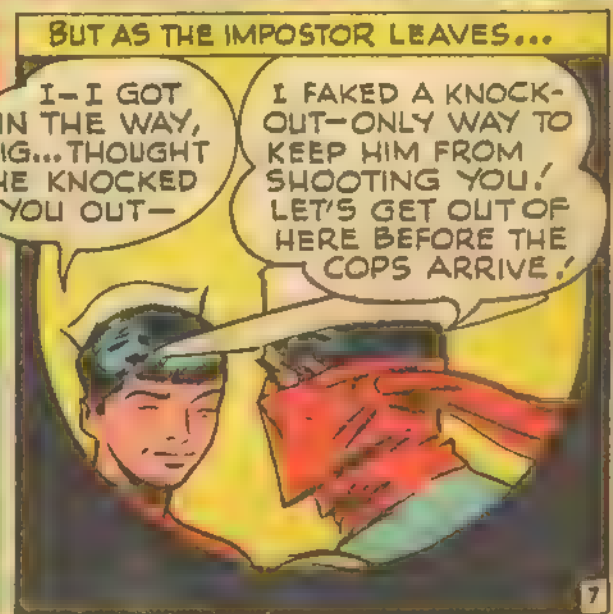
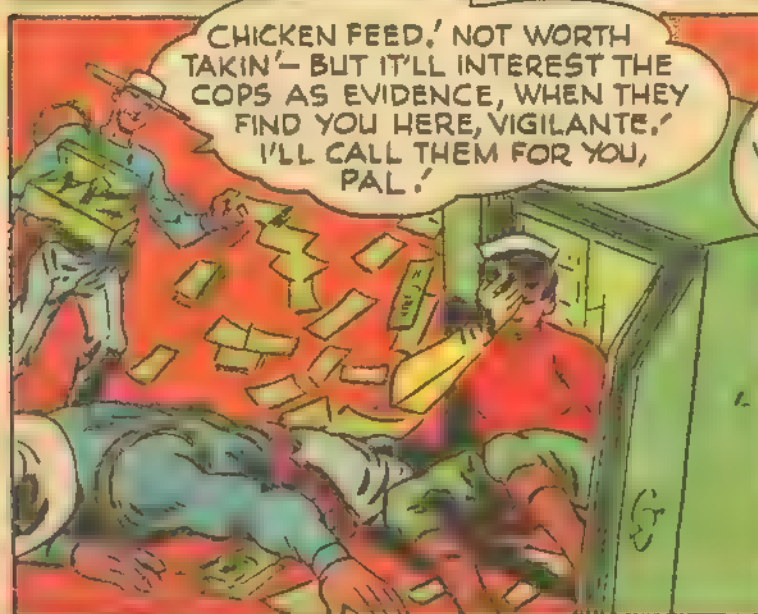
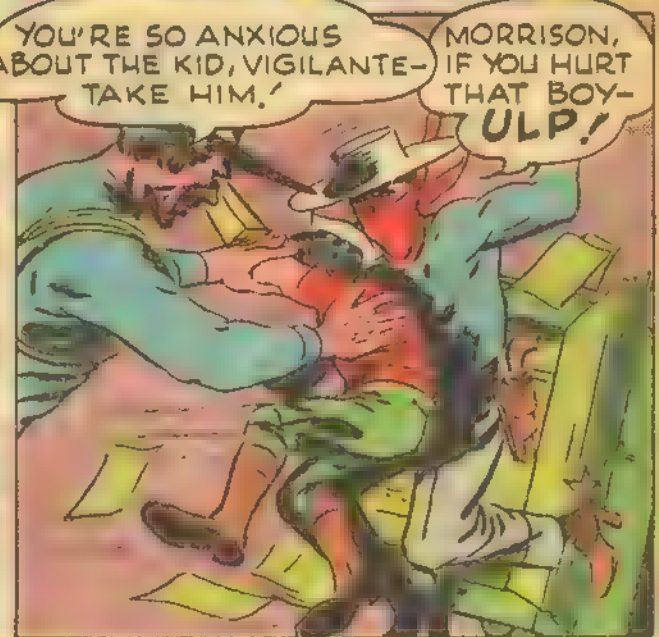
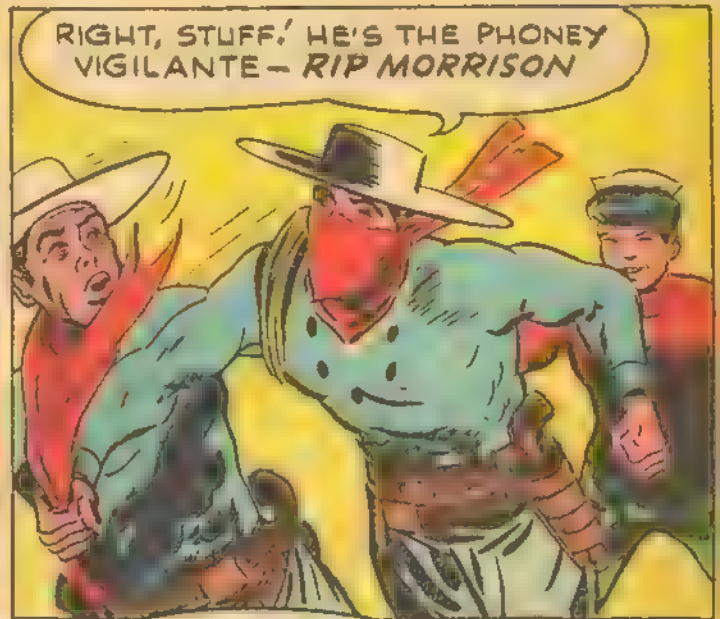
THAT'S
WHAT YOU THINK,
VIGILANTE!

THE VIG GOT
HERE IN A HURRY!

I'LL BLAST
YOU-VIII!

VIG!
LOOK OUT!





A SWIFT TRIP TO THE ROOF OF THE TEMPLE BUILDING, AND...

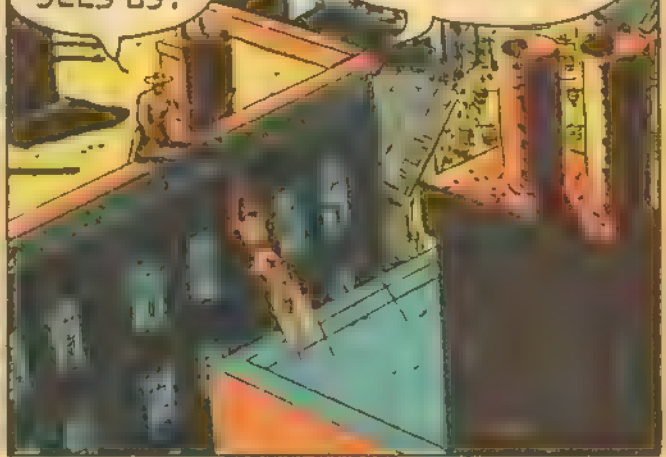
THE COPS ARE DOWNSTAIRS, VIG! HEAR THOSE WHISTLES?

MORRISON CALLED THEM! NOW THAT WE KNOW WHO HE IS, HE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET US REMAIN LOOSE. BUT WE'LL FIX THAT!



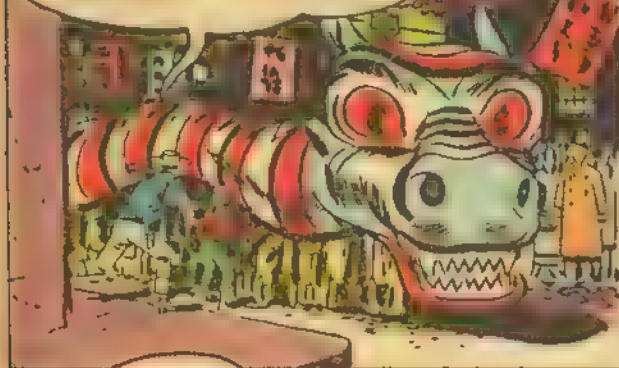
THEY'RE SO BUSY DOWN IN THAT ALLEY, NOBODY SEES US!

THAT'S WHERE THE PARADE STARTS. IT'S BEGINNING NOW!



BELOW, A WRITHING PARADE DRAGON EMERGES FROM THE GLOOMY ALLEY...

HERE'S OUR ANSWER, STUFF! THE DRAGON WILL TAKE US OUT OF CHINA-TOWN RIGHT UNDER THE NOSES OF THE POLICE!



MEANWHILE, IN FRONT OF KWAN LO TEMPLE...

THE VIGILANTE OUGHTTA BE UNDER ARREST BY NOW—BUT WHERE IS HE? THE COPS HAVEN'T BROUGHT HIM OUT...



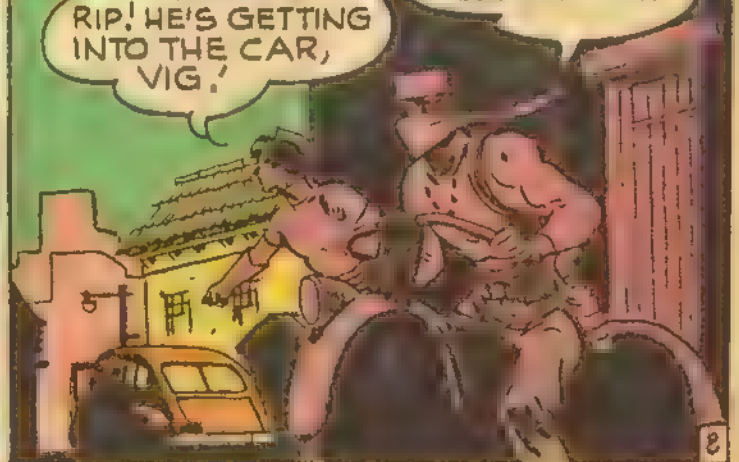
HE WAS OUT COLD—MY FOOT!

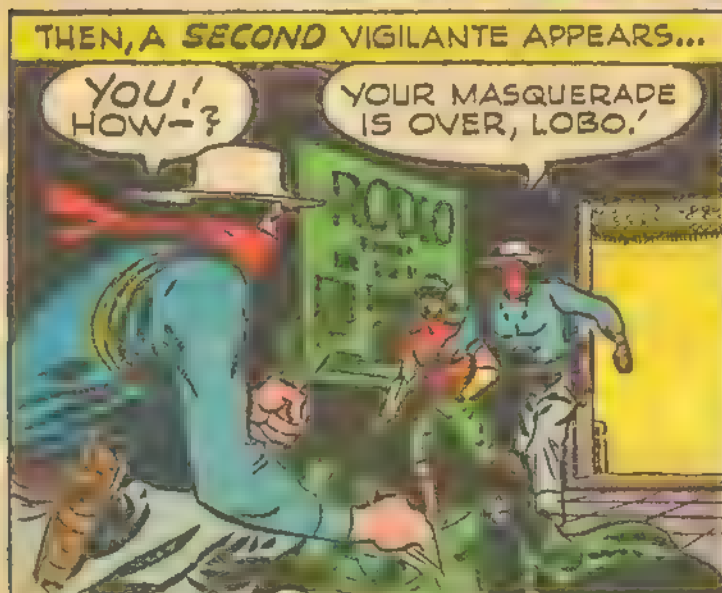
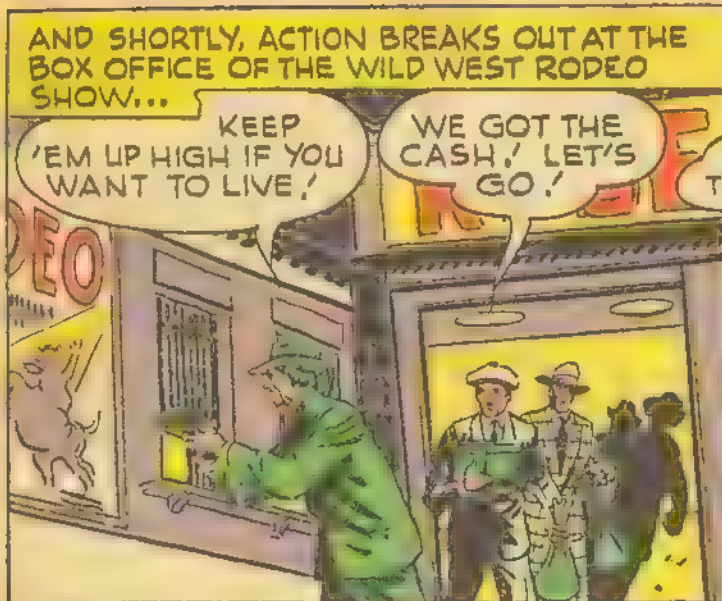


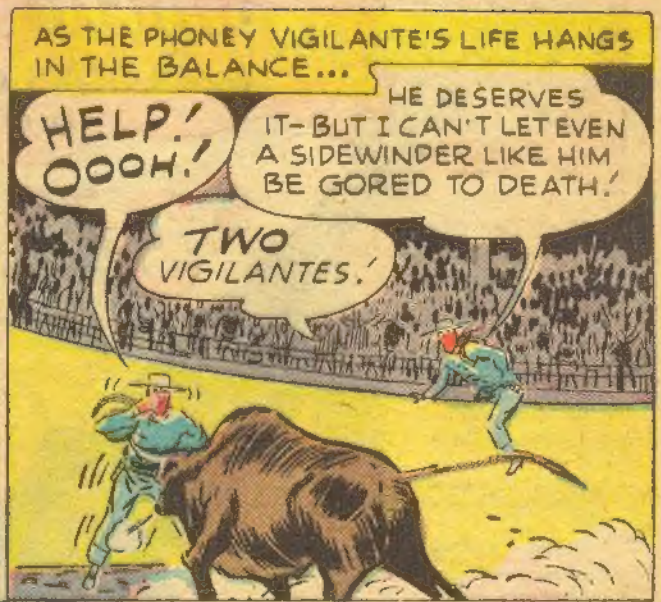
SOON...

THERE'S RIP! HE'S GETTING INTO THE CAR, VIG!

HOP ON AND WE'LL FOLLOW HIM!







Here's
News About
a Sensational
FREE
Offer to
DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

that LOOKS and SOUNDS
just like the real McCoy!

Be Sure You Get
the One and Only
Authorized
DICK TRACY
Tommy Gun

- ★ Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- ★ Regulated automatic repeater action.
- ★ All-metal, precision-cast, hardened copper alloy.
- ★ Real gun-metal finish.
- ★ Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- ★ Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

\$3.79
POSTPAID

FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY



TAT-TAT
RAPID-FIRE
TRIGGER
ACTION
TAT-TAT

Over 20 Inches long

NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!
PARENTS: Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of this magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only \$3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!

PARKER JOHNS — Dept. DT-132
608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only \$3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79 Please ship postpaid
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.

Prices in Canada add 50¢ No C.O.D.'s

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

MAIL HASTY
COUPON NOW



Free!

A Thrilling Episode
In the Lives of
SECRET AGENT X-28
and His Son JUNIOR

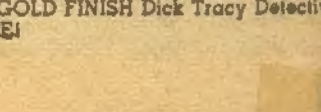
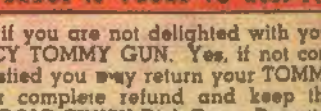
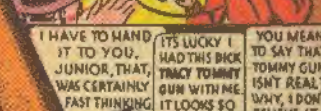
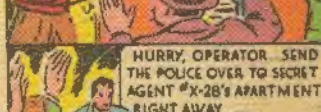
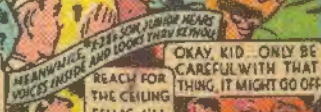
GET THOSE HANDS
UP IN THE AIR, "X-28!"
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!



NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60 SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE FORMULA... OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!



WHAT'S THIS?



**THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP...**

even if you are not delighted with your DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY GUN for a complete refund and keep this wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective Badge FREE!



TOPS!



TWO MAGAZINES
CHOCK-FULL OF
YOUR FAVORITE
ANIMAL PALS!



LITTLE BEAVER,
DO YOU SAVVY
THE 10 RULES
IN TH' SPORTSMAN'S
SAFETY CODE?

Here's the Sportman's Safety Code for **DAISY** AIR RIFLE OWNERS

YOU BETCHUM,
RED RYDER!
YOU LISTEN...
ME REPEAT-UM!



- ① ME WILL NEVER POINT-UM GUN AT ANY-
THING ME NOT INTEND TO SHOOT-UM.
- ② ME WILL NEVER LOAD-UM GUN WHEN MUZZLE
IS POINTED AT ANYBODY. ③ ME WILL NEVER
COCK-UM GUN OR PULL-UM TRIGGER JUST FOR
FUN. ④ ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT OBJECT
WHICH MAKE BULLET BOUNCE-UM OFF. ⑤ ME
WILL NEVER HANDLE GUN WITHOUT FIRST
TAKE-UM PEEK TO BE SURE GUN IS EMPTY.
- ⑥ ME WILL NEVER CARRY MY GUN WHILE IT IS
COCKED OR OFF SAFETY, YOU BETCHUM.
- ⑦ ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT SONG-BIRD.
ILLEGAL GAME OR LIVE TREE, ME THINK-UM.
- ⑧ ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT ANYTHING BEFORE
MAKE-UM SURE ME NOT INJURE SOMETHING IF
ME MISS-UM TARGET. ⑨ ME WILL ALWAYS BE
PLENTY CAREFUL WHEN CLIMBING THROUGH
FENCE BY POINT-UM GUN MUZZLE THROUGH
FENCE FIRST. ⑩ ME WILL ALWAYS CLEAN
AND OIL-UM MY GUN PRONTO AFTER USING IT."

Learn and follow the Sportsman's SAFETY
Code—explained here in Little Beaver's
language—printed in *complete* form inside
the famous Daisy Handbook! If you do not
obey the Code or otherwise abuse the priv-
ilege of Daisy ownership—your parents or
police *should* take your Daisy away from
you. Show this message to your folks. Tell
them you'll shoot safely with a Daisy—the
fun gun MILLIONS of American DADS
shot safely when they were boys!

DAISY HANDBOOK READY!

TELLS HOW TO
SHOOT SAFE



128-page Handbook fea-
tures Red Ryder, Buck
Rogers comic strips, atomic
bombs, jet power, jokes,
trick shots, safety rules, com-
plete Daisy Air Rifle Cata-
log, etc. Limited supply.
Rush name, address, dime
(10c), unused 3c stamp
we'll mail
Handbook
postpaid.

MODEL
No. 111

\$4.25

1000 SHOT

RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

Famous Western saddlecarbine features Lightning-
Loader, Carbine Ring, Leather Thong, Carbine
Bands, Double-Notch Sight, Pistol-Grip Stock.

No. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN

\$5.95

No. 155—DAISY 1000-SHOT REPEATER

\$3.25

Don't order air rifle direct from the factory
It's subject to change without notice.



SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 809 UNION STREET, DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Published in the interests of Parents, Present and Future Air Rifle Owners, and the General Public.

Duty Addn
In Canada

